

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

THOUGH the politicians may not be aware of the fact, the public are doing a heap of thinking these days. The utter disregard of popular rights, the subservience of men in high places to influences which dare not be publicly avowed, the wretched expedients resorted to to acquire or hold office, the pitiful presence of small men in large places and the lack of any refreshing impulse amongst those assuming to be leaders of the people—these things are impressing themselves to a painful degree on the best elements in that very complex and indefinite thing we call public opinion. It is unpleasant and unprofitable to speak or write in a pessimistic strain. Yet there can be no doubt that the feeling of the keenest observers in this Province of Ontario as to the portents on the political horizon is at the present moment strongly tinged with foreboding. Party leaders and partisan voters on both sides must sooner or later face the situation they have created. It is of no use to deny what is evident to the intellect and conscience of every man with brains to think and a sense of right not wholly obliterated. Were the politics of any province, state or country ever more degraded, mean and entirely contemptible than the politics of Ontario are to-day? Was there ever anywhere under representative government a cooler display of indifference to popular rights and the interests of oncoming generations? In the midst of questions large enough to consume the energies of statesmen, the breed of small politicians with which we are afflicted wrangle over the husks of office and spend their little force in the effort to outplay each other for some tactical vantage of small importance. That there are men in both the Government and the Opposition with generous ambitions and right impulses it would be unjust to deny. That these men submit to be hobbled and hamstrung by conditions above which they have perhaps not the wisdom or the force of will to rise, is an equally true proposition. Both parties are looking for popular enthusiasm which they have done next to nothing to earn. How can any man with an inkling of the actual conditions that obtain in Ontario's politics be asked to enthuse over the outworn and hypocritical shibboleths that do duty merely to avert attention from rampant political immorality and rank disloyalty to popular rights? It is idle to pretend that one party is either much worse or much better than the other. Either party could, within the last couple of years, have created issues which would have imported into the public arena something of sincerity and of vital reality. On the contrary, every great question in turn has been juggled with by triflers for supposed party advantage. There are indications that people who are accustomed to do their own thinking are growing tired of the game and indifferent to its results. They may still vote Grit or Tory—they do that from habit, and habit is hard to break; but men cannot be induced to continue forever doing something which neither ministers to their pleasure nor serves their interests. There is every indication that party lines as at present drawn in provincial matters are ready to dissolve and recast themselves at the first shock. That shock may come sooner than expected. There are those who think that it has already come.

PREMIER ROSS'S speech at Newmarket, like all the Premier's utterances, was full of snap and vigor, but upon the all-important power question his remarks left a good deal to be desired. Mr. Ross declares in unmistakable terms that his Government will not undertake to generate or distribute electrical energy. This, in my opinion, would have been the simplest, most popular and in the end perhaps most economical solution of the whole difficulty, but Mr. Ross sees lions in the path, with which his Government is not prepared to grapple, and that being the case, it only remains to determine how far Toronto and other municipalities are to be permitted by the Legislature to proceed in order to protect themselves from imminent monopoly. On this point Mr. Ross's pronouncement is as evasive and ambiguous as the friends of public ownership could fear or the advocates of monopoly could hope for. Mr. Ross says: "We are not unwilling to give Toronto the right to install an electric plant for its own use, providing the electors vote the money that may be required." The question arises, what meaning does the Premier attach to the words "for its own use?" If the city of Toronto is to be allowed to sell power within the municipality for industrial purposes, that is one thing; but if we are only to be allowed to use a gigantic plant which would cost somewhere in the millions to install, for purely municipal purposes, we might as well throw up our hands at once and resign ourselves to the alternative of a permanent monopoly in which the Street Railway, the Electric Light Company and the Canadian General Electric Company will be able to dominate hundreds of thousands of people and millions of dollars' worth of industrial and municipal property. Such an alternative is an outrageous proposition, and Mr. Ross ought to hasten to say that he does not propose to hand out any such a cold deal to this city. Meanwhile there is no blinking our eyes to the fact that the Mackenzie-Pellatt-Nicholls charter having been granted, and thus a further "vested right" created, the chances of Toronto to be justly dealt with by the Legislature are by just so much more diminished. The only hope seems now to lie in some system of co-operation with other municipalities desiring cheap electrical power from the Falls. Through a union of interests, sufficient pressure may be brought to bear on the Legislature to compel justice to be done in the face of monopolistic intrigue. Toronto by herself stands no show, but would be "swatted" by the Legislature with as little ceremony as a fly in summer time. The difficulties to be overcome in any inter-municipal organization of a power scheme are disconcerting. But they can be surmounted if there is no other course left, and the legislators can be forced to do justice if the municipalities of Central Ontario stand up to them with determination.

MR. GAMEY, M.P.P. for Manitoulin Island, who was elected as a Conservative in a straight party contest, but who now announces that the "Manitoulin is his politics" and that he will give the Ross Government his support in the policy of "building up Ontario," is welcome to all the kudos he can get out of his conversion either amongst his constituents or his fellow-members of the Legislature. Of course, a man has a right to change his mind, and Mr. Gamey must be supposed to know both his own business and the desire of the people he represents. Once elected, a member properly ceases to be the spokesman and trustee of any fraction of his constituency, and is bound to consider the interests of both opponents and supporters alike. If Mr. Gamey thinks that the people of Manitoulin Island wish to be represented by a follower of the Government, that is his business; he ought to know. But having run as a Conservative and been elected as such, and the Conservative party having failed to attain power, it was open to Mr. Gamey, if he was a sincere man in his party allegiance, to resign and give the Islanders a chance to

speak again. This he did not see fit to do, and though his action may be formally approved by the majority of the voters up his way, he cannot complain if unpleasant imputations are made that will stick to him throughout his political career. The incident illustrates the insincerity, if not the depravity, of our politics. New constituencies are, generally speaking, "out for the stuff." The party in power has "the stuff" in the shape of public works and other favors, which are given as party plums, though paid for by the whole people. The electors submit to be bribed with their own money. When, as in Ontario, the fury of party conflict has brought Government to the verge of deadlock, one or two purchasable constituencies or a member who can change his party allegiance as readily as his shirt becomes of more importance than ideas, principles or policies.

BECAUSE there has been an overwhelming expression of opinion in newspaper interviews in favor of the acceptance of the Carnegie thousands, it is not to be supposed that there is anything approaching unanimity in the city on this proposal. On the contrary, there is a very large and respectable body of public opinion opposed to touching the donation. This opinion may not have sought or gained expression to any great extent in the columns of the newspapers. But it is here, and what are we going to do about it? Neither in mass nor intensity is it likely to diminish. Trades unionists are, of course, set against condoning the Homestead crime by having part or lot in the profits of such industrial methods as were there exposed. But apart from any prejudice of this sort, there is a feeling

tion that he could so demean himself, and give it a good hearty shake, or knock His Royal Highness down."

"The Royal mother of her people [Queen Victoria] cannot be induced to support her own children during life, or even to bury them decently at death, as long as the public can be further bled."

"Even the Queen [Victoria], a woman, who should shudder at war and not publicly parade her interest in slaughter, would publicly congratulate him."

"If any man believe that Queen Victoria, or the Prince of Wales, could receive more welcome news than that of the downfall of the Republic" (meaning the United States) "his estimate of human nature differs from mine."

"These Royal people are only excrescences upon the State, the setters of bad example, and the very core round which the worst vices of English life gather and fester."

"The man born abroad, like myself, under institutions which insult him at his birth."

"The insult inflicted upon me by my native land at birth."

"To the beloved Republic under whose equal laws I am made the peer of any man, although denied political equality by my native land, I dedicate this book, with an intensity of gratitude and admiration which the native-born citizen can neither feel nor understand."

"Canada's hypocritical and ungrateful conduct merits and inspires only contempt."

"Canada, subject and dependent, contrasts unfavorably with the Republic in every way."

"But why talk of Canada, or of any mere colony? What

such principles will be put in practice by physicians and individuals everywhere. Indeed, the "Lancet" ventures upon the broad, general statement that "Pure air, sunlight, pure water, good food and healthy environment could, if procurable in a great city, banish most diseases or cause them to be as rare in this country as leprosy, plague, or cholera."

THE article on page 7 on a certain class of theatrical entertainment which is purveyed to the youth of this city deserves perusal by every parent and every person interested in the moral health of Toronto, more particularly young Toronto. It was impossible to convey an adequate idea of the facts as gleaned without offending the moral sensibilities of "Saturday Night" readers. The matter is, however, subject of general report and comment, and it should not be difficult for anyone interested to learn the truth as to what has been going on in "Toronto the good." It is astonishing that with so many newspapers, so many pulpits and so many other professed agencies of reform all working overtime in this city, it has remained for "Saturday Night" to expose a condition of affairs that should have attracted attention from many quarters.

PUBLICATION of the terms of the Alaska boundary treaty has not reassured Canadian feeling, though it appears that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was right in denying that any reservations had been made to the United States as to tide-water settlements. The conviction is deep-rooted that before a commission constituted as this one is to be, Canada stands about one chance in a hundred to receive justice. It is assumed that Uncle Sam's representatives will sit tight in the expectation of a British commissioner conceding the whole United States claim. On the other hand, a gratuitous warning has already been issued to Canada that she must not expect Britain's commissioners to pursue any but a strictly "judicial" course. This looks like an intimation to this country to prepare to swallow a nauseous dose. In an article in Mr. Tarte's paper, Mr. Bourassa, M.P., lays emphasis on the contention that Canada's case was virtually surrendered when Great Britain consented to arbitrate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, without insisting on the arbitration of the boundary dispute before an independent tribunal as a condition precedent to the recognition of the United States claim in respect to the Nicaraguan canal. If Canada, as a result of Great Britain's desire to cultivate the States, is hemmed in from access to the Yukon via a Pacific port, the military as well as commercial results to this country may be disastrous. As pointed out by Mr. F. C. Wade, a gentleman well qualified to speak on every phase of Yukon territory affairs, it is not long since a conspiracy was set on foot at Skagway to overpower the Canadian police and take possession of the Porcupine district. "It can be easily seen," says Mr. Wade, "that in case of an uprising of aliens in the country, it would be impossible for Canadian soldiers to cross the strip to suppress 'American' filibusters on Canadian soil. A small force of police with the loyal citizens of the territory would be rat-trapped from the start. It was for this reason that the Yukon Field Force was sent north over the Stikine trail at great expense a few years ago. Although there is no reason to apprehend any difficulty, it is intolerable that any portion of the Dominion should be left in this way completely at the mercy of the alien population." The latest news is that the United States Senate is so opposed to even the semblance of arbitration that it is likely to throw out the Hay-Herbert treaty, on the ground that there is "nothing to arbitrate." If this is so, the folly of British diplomacy in throwing away every weapon with which it could have enforced arbitration is made beautifully plain. If the Senate throws out the treaty it is no great loss to Canada. We could not be in a much worse position, without any treaty, than we are under its terms.

THERE seems to be serious trouble brewing for President Roosevelt because of his persistent refusal to recognize the "color line" either socially or officially. Roosevelt is being anathematized all through the South. One Southern paper, in a frenzy of denunciation, advocates that every negro nominee of the President to federal office should be killed or run out of the country. In a section of the Northern press it is now said that Roosevelt has made himself impossible as a candidate for 1904, and it is significant that the New York "Herald," which has for months carried the President's name at the head of its columns as "the people's anti-trust candidate for 1904," has dropped it and taken sides with the insulted whites of the South. Even "Harper's Weekly" thinks that the President has made a mistake.

Roosevelt's first offence, as will be remembered, was in entertaining Booker T. Washington to dinner in the White House. In the next place he refused to accept the resignation of the negro postmistress of Indianola, Miss., tendered under compulsion and as the result of persecution by the whites, but instead he closed the post-office at Indianola and had the mails for that town sent to another office some miles away. Following on this, came the appointment of one Crum, a negro, to be collector of the port of Charleston. And now, to add still further to the difficulties of the situation, he has again been guilty of extending the hospitalities of the White House to colored citizens. Without discussing the merits of the race problem, it looks as though President Roosevelt has displayed more courage than discretion in these matters. If he wants to do something substantial for the colored population of the South, he might better take a decided and statesmanlike stand against the lynching evil, which threatens the personal safety of every colored man and is also undermining all respect for the law and its machinery. In leading a movement for the suppression of mob violence, President Roosevelt would have the sympathy and moral support of the best element of the white population, both North and South. By appointing colored men to federal office in cities where race prejudice is a rank and deep-rooted growth, he is only aggravating a problem already difficult and exposing the whole negro population to reprisals by those who insanely fear black domination.

THERE is great perturbation in the United States over Utah's election to the Senate of Reed Smoot, one of the twelve "apostles" of the Mormon Church. Smoot is not a practicing polygamist, though as an "apostle" he must subscribe to the doctrine of plural marriage. It seems that President Roosevelt strongly advised against the election of any "apostle," or other high Mormon dignitary, as United States Senator from Utah, on the ground that it would greatly prejudice the State in Congress. But his warning had no effect. Frankly, it is a little difficult to understand why there should be such an outcry against a man who, whatever his beliefs as to marriage may be, conforms to the law of the land in practice. In every State of the Union there are thousands of divorcees, many of them divorced not once, but twice or oftener. The grounds upon which divorce may be had in a great many of the States are trivial, and advantage is taken of them annually by an immense number of people, who marry and re-marry as



TOO BUSY TO ATTEND TO THE PEOPLE'S NEEDS.

entertained by thousands of citizens that Toronto was dishonored by the secret, mendacious appeal of the Public Library Board or someone acting with their assent and connivance. This city, it is argued, is big enough, wealthy enough and public-spirited enough to provide for its own needs or to go without till it can, and it ought not to sacrifice its self-respect and good name by placing itself in the category of beggar communities—no matter what other places, here or abroad, small or great, have set a bad example. The people who entertain such opinions are as much entitled to be considered in this matter as those who hold the opposite view, and I think the question whether this offer should or should not be accepted is one eminently fitted for decision by popular vote. If I am not mistaken, the suggestion to submit the matter to the ratepayers came from Professor Goldwin Smith. Why should it not be followed up? How can the City Council know the wishes of the whole people on such a question as the proposed Carnegie library? Clearly they cannot tell anything about it, and this being so, the Council has no right to decide so extraordinary a proposition without consulting the people of the whole city. Let us have a vote on this matter, and I venture to say that the strength of the anti-library surprise those who imagine that Toronto is aching to get her fingers into Mr. Andrew Carnegie's cash-box.

MR. WILLIAM ROBINS of Walkerville, who is always courageous in the expression of views original and interesting, supplies some reasons, which have not generally received much attention, why self-respecting Canadians should hesitate to partake of Mr. Carnegie's largesse. Mr. Robins has been to some trouble to collate a few characteristic passages from the Iron Master's writings, and these are printed in circular form for the information of many who have not had the exquisite pleasure of perusing Uncle Andrew's volumes in the original. I offer no excuse for reproducing a few of these delectable extracts from "Triumph of Democracy," by the most Triumphant of Plutocrats:

"Of course men can kiss the hand of the Queen, but how will it be when the Prince of Wales holds out his hand, and Messrs. Chamberlain and Morley, Collins and Broadhurst, Trevelyan and Fowler, and others, are required to kiss THAT? I am not sure but that even these Radicals may find it no stain upon their manhood to incur this degradation. But the first man who feels as he ought to feel will either smile when the hand is extended, at the sugges-

book, what invention, what statue or picture, what anything, has a colony ever produced, or what man has grown up in any colony who has become known beyond his own local district? NONE. Nor can a colony ever give to mankind anything of value beyond wood, corn and beef."

KING EDWARD some time ago offered a prize of five hundred pounds for the best dissertation on the erection of sanatoria for consumptives. Notices of the competition were printed in all the medical journals of the world and theses in competition were received to the number of one hundred and eighty from America and all the countries of Europe. The successful contestants, however, are Englishmen, the joint work of Dr. Arthur Latham of St. George's Hospital, London, and of Mr. William West an architect, having been awarded the prize.

These gentlemen, besides submitting their plans for the sanatorium, and outlining the course of treatment for the patients, proposed an inscription to be placed over the doors of the building. They chose it from Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fourth"—"Give him air; he'll straight be well." This motto was not only well chosen for presentation with an essay on the open-air treatment of tuberculosis, such as was Dr. Latham's, but it is deeply significant of the changed attitude of the medical world, not alone toward consumption, but toward all disease. There appears to be more and more reluctance among doctors to dose and drug the patient, together with an increasing reliance in time and rest, pure air and sunshine, to heal most ills. The day of drugs, the shut window, and the stuffy room, appears to have passed. Only recently, a noted contributor to a symposium on typhoid fever, published in the "Medical Record," half humorously declared that in the typhoid ward of every hospital in the country there ought to be a big sign up, "Let the Patient Get Well." In other words, "Don't meddle." As a like injunction to the medical fraternity, Dr. Latham might well have taken (rather than the clause), the whole sentence from "Henry the Fourth," which runs, "Stand from him, give him air, he'll straight be well." It is interesting to note the opinion that sanatoria are not the last word in the treatment of tuberculosis. "These one hundred and eighty essays," says the "Lancet," "lead to the belief that the ultimate treatment of consumption will not be in sanatoria." Pure air and long walks may not be monopolized, and when the efficacy of such methods of treatment shall have been amply and conclusively demonstrated in model, scientifically managed institutions,

often as the whim seizes them. What is this but a legalized form of polygamy? Yet any of these persons might take public office without the faintest cry of outraged decency being heard in the land. The worst about pharisaism is that it is always so blissfully unconscious of itself.

IN connection with the development of electrical energy from the inexhaustible cataract of Niagara, a curious charge is made by "Harper's Weekly" against the Victoria Park Commission. "Vociferous complaints," according to the "Weekly," "are made about the alarming concessions of the Canadian commissioners to tunnel-builders and power companies on that side of the river. Several power-houses are being built in Victoria Park itself, and, worst of all, another is building in the gorge at the foot of the Horseshoe Fall. The Canadian commission has shown itself so indulgent to industrial companies that confidence in it is violently shaken. The New York commissioners have made a protest against its concessions, and the feeling is that, bad as it has been done, there is only too much reason to fear that worse remains behind. Whatever needs to be done to restrain the liberality of the Victoria Park Commission must be done by the people or Government of Canada. All we can do is to spread the tale of vandalism and stir remonstrance." According to the "Weekly," while the "American" side has not been helped aesthetically by the various means devised to make the river run in harness, yet the public reservation of the State of New York, corresponding to the Victoria Park, has been reasonably well guarded.



Mrs. Alexis Kirkpatrick, wife of Mr. Wood's partner, and Mrs. Gray, Mr. Wood's niece, will receive for Mr. Wood on Monday, February 16, and also on Monday, February 23, at his home, Bloor street east. Many a merry matron and maid is a bit puzzled about the etiquette of calling after a host "en garçon" has entertained them, but not always is the visit of acknowledgment so sure to be at once a duty and a pleasure as in this case, when two such nice women will assume the role of hostesses.

The Bachelors of Berlin and Waterloo are giving a dance at the Walper House, Berlin, next Friday evening, February thirteenth. Friday and thirteen! But the jolly folk of the jolliest town in Canada laugh at hoodoos, and they are quite right. The patronesses of the dance are Mesdames D. S. Bowly, W. H. Bowly, G. H. Bowly, W. H. Brethaupt, M. Bricker, W. E. Butler, H. G. Lackner, Alex. Millar, F. C. G. Minty, William Roos, George Rumpel, and J. E. Seagram. Mr. Norman Nicholson is honorary secretary. Among the stewards are two gentlemen well known here, Mr. Joe Seagram and Mr. Hamilton Morton.

There are numbers of card parties, two or three of an afternoon, on these days, and the rage for Bridge is growing hourly. By the way, some well-meaning person has written asking for a protest in this column against daytime card playing. "Such is not my intention," as Mrs. Gamp might have remarked. If women choose to spend gloomy afternoons or even mornings when it's too wretched weather for an outing and too depressing to read by gaslight, in playing Bridge, I have nothing to say against it. Many of them have neither housekeeping nor family cares to burden their minds, many are such good managers that servants, children and tradespeople are kept in good order from day to day. As to the fairy tales of my correspondent about the sums of money won and lost at these card parties, tra-la-la! I took an hour to talk the matter over with one of our best and most "inveterate" Bridge players to-day, who has never played Bridge for money but once in her life, and then for quarter-cent points! She and her set find sufficient interest in the game, and so do most of its devotees in Toronto. There are, au contraire, some women who must have "a bit on Flickamaroo" or they don't become interested. These play for money—well, it's their money and their affair! The whole matter isn't at all deserving of my correspondent's adjectives, and, personally, I decline the proud office of battering-ram. I have generally found that the outraged scream against the dissipations of society comes from so far outside the magic circle that a clear sight of the grievance is impossible. Voila tout!

A pretty luncheon took place at the Hunt Club on Monday, patronized by Mrs. Campbell Reaves, at which the Misses Cawthra of Guseley House, Campbell-Renton, Cat-tanach, Laidlaw, Davidson, Barwick, Mackenzie, Gladys Nordheimer, Sprague, Temple, Kingsmill, Mrs. Ewart Osborne, the guest of honor, Miss Marler of Montreal, and the hostess, Miss Pearl Macdonald, were present.

Miss Lillian Warwick of Sunneholm returns from a very jolly visit in Hamilton to-day. Miss Mary DuMoulin is everywhere a welcome guest during her visit in town.

Lady Kirkpatrick gave a second tea on Thursday afternoon at which a large number of ladies were present. The hostess received in the same beautiful velvet gown, with chiffon sleeves, and wreath of oak leaves in her coiffure, which were so much admired on Wednesday, and the tea was, although minus the flavor of the gallant attentions of men, quite as delightful and bright. A profusion of exquisite flowers is always seen at Coeburn, and on gala afternoons they are the finishing touch to that charming home.

Ashlar Lodge At Home came off with great éclat at McConkey's last week and the guests were profuse in acknowledgments of the kind care and thought of the committee to ensure them pleasure and comfort in the dance. Invitations were limited to the number who could be comfortably seated in the large café for supper, and consequently when at midnight the doors were opened on a pretty vista of flower-crowned tables there ensued neither waiting nor crowding. The music was excellent and a novel feature was the silence in the ballroom during the supper hour, and the playing of the orchestra in the café at that time. Ashlar has not much to learn in the entertainment line, and has always a smart and well-pleased company to appreciate their hospitality. On the night of the dance supper was later than usual, as a number of "Langtry" and "Albani concert" supper parties were on until twelve.

Mr. Elwood Moore's coming of age party was a bright event for his young friends, among whom were the East Side debutantes of the ante-Noel season and a large company of older folk. Professor and Mrs. Moore of Minnesota, uncle and aunt of the young "debutant," were, by a happy coincidence, in Canada, and were present at the dance. Professor Moore is a learned and delightful conversationalist and Mrs. Moore a refined and charming woman. Mrs. Williams, grandmother and hostess of the young gentleman for whom the dance was given, received, assisted by his mother, Mrs. Moore, and several other relatives. The drawing-room, hall and dining-room were floored with linen and the young folks danced gaily from end to end of the big house, cooling off in the conservatory, which is one of the beauty spots of Sherbourne street. Supper was served at twelve on small tables, which, like Aladdin's feasts, seemed to appear from nowhere, laden with flowers and dainties. Mr. Moore's twenty-first birthday will be a bright memory to many a young creature who danced and

Fenian Raid Martyrs.



Above is a reproduction of an interesting old photograph, showing portraits of five of the Canadians killed at Ridgeway in the Fenian Raid. The central figure is that of Malcolm McEachern, ensign in No. 5 Company, Q.O.R. At the top left-hand corner is Private M. Defries of No. 3, and beside him is Private W. Smith of No. 2. At the lower left-hand corner is Private Christopher Alderson of No. 7, and the face next is that of Private F. Lockie of No. 2.

feasted on its celebration and gave him heartiest congratulations.

Major Gooderham has purchased Hillcrest, the beautiful residence built by Mr. Henry Darling on the Rosedale ravine opposite Sylvan Tower. The house will be added to and done over and will be ready for occupancy when the family leave their Island home next autumn.

The Clef Club will entertain Mr. Victor Herbert at McConkey's after Thursday evening's concert at Massey Hall. By the way, the musicianly part of the audience will bear in mind the request of the conductor that they try to get into their places punctually, as the constant disturbance by late comers is most trying. The Massey Hall was sold out a week before the first concert, and there will be no small work in seating the vast crowd.

Friends of Captain Knight Chase will be glad to hear of his great success in his final exams, a few weeks ago. Captain Chase cherishes kindly and grateful memories of Toronto and the friends who helped to make his stay pleasant on his visit to his sister, Mrs. Albert Ham.

The Albani concert on Friday of last week tempted a great many persons out, and it was one of the finest audiences of the season which listened to the Canadian nightingale who still has power to win crowds to admiration as well as affection. There is something very taking about the unaffected, unspoiled heartiness and happiness of this famous singer. She comes before her audience with the assurance of a favorite, and accepts their tributes with the pleasure of a debutante in look and gesture. They gave her sweet tribute of flowers—such magnificent flowers, roses, azaleas, lilies, as are seldom handed over the footlights. Very pleasant affairs were arranged by leaders of society in its best coteries to do her honor. A very charming tea at Rosedale House (not, as some imaginative scribe asserted, of "hundreds," but a very congenial and smart assembly), which attention Madame Albani thoroughly enjoyed, was the principal one, and another was a pleasant dinner at the Grange on Saturday night, where the diva looked her best in a sumptuous gown of green velvet.

Miss Hamilton of New York, who has been a bright and beautiful visitor in town for some time, returned home this week. I fancy Miss Hamilton had unpatriotic thoughts not a few when she found out how much circumspection is necessary to "accompany" a fine sealskin coat back to its native land. I believe all sorts of kowtowing before a consul, and signing of declarations, is a part of the process.

Mrs. Bosshamer (nee Bethune) is visiting her mother Lady Howland, and her sister, Mrs. George Lindsey. Several pleasant affairs have been given in her honor.

Mrs. Rolleston Tait has been a bright and beautiful guest at many smart affairs this and last week. She is looking very well.

Mrs. Gray made her debut at her uncle, Mr. Wood's soiree musicale on Thursday of last week, too late for notice in these columns, but a vivid memory of her sweet singing is still with me. Mr. Wood spared no pains to receive his friends and introduce his niece right royally. The whole of his handsome residence at 80 Bloor street east was thrown open, and was filled with a charming company of friends to enjoy the music and the elaborate and excellent supper which followed. Toronto is quite big enough now to keep many friends apart by sheer stress of distance, and a pleasant experience of many at this musicale was to greet people they had not seen for some time. Mrs. Gray's own connections comprised a group of charming folk, and many a good handshake was exchanged between friends from the Flowerly Suburb and more urban residents during the evening. The gowns were immensely smart and rich, and the "mise en scene" a brilliant one. Mr. Roy Wood was welcomed on all sides and best wishes for his complete health heartily spoken. An orchestra played during the supper and among the guests were Sir William and Lady Mulock, Colonel Stims, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. George Macdonald, Mr. Melburn Oliver, Dr. Mrs. and Miss Carveth, Mr.



ATHOS, PORTHOS AND ARAMIS.

(Mayor Urquhart, ex-Mayor Howland, and Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., went to Ottawa together in regard to telephone legislation.—Daily paper item.)

and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. James George, Colonel and Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Gianelli, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Miss Adelaide Maynard, Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dunstan, Mr. and Mrs. George Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell, Major Mason, Mrs. Somerville of Atherley, Miss Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Somerville, Mrs. F. Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. McCallum, Mr. Sydney Band, Mr. F. Aylesworth.

When the tea at Rosedale House was at its best last Saturday, the host brought down his mother, the loved and revered member of his household, for a word with the great songstress. Mrs. Ridout's sweet, kind smile and gentle greeting would be a prized memory to the guest of honor, as she said with much feeling. Mrs. Ridout looked so well and interested in the bright event that her friends were unanimous in happy compliments to her on that point.

Mrs. Price-Brown is visiting her son and daughter-in-law in Montreal. Mrs. Montzambert is visiting her sister, Mrs. Walker of Prince Arthur avenue. Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. McCulloch are going to Bermuda this month. Mr. and Mrs. Agar Adamson are out from England. Mr. Percival Ridout is out of town for a week.

Sir Daniel and Lady McMillan and Miss McMillan returned to Winnipeg on Monday. Mrs. Lehmann asked a few friends to take tea with the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba and his wife and daughter one afternoon during their stay in town. The little informal gathering included Mr. Cameron of Collingwood, Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. George Lindsey, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Dr. Thistle, Miss Williams and Miss Mackenzie, Mr. Jones, and two or three others, who much enjoyed meeting the distinguished guests.

Lieutenant Harold Lathrop Borden, who fell at the head of his men during an engagement at Withport, South Africa, two years ago last July, was a graduate of Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B. Our readers will recall the thrill of sorrow which went through the country when the news reached here. On January 21 a tablet to his memory was unveiled in the Black Memorial Chapel of the University. It is of bronze, with a framework of rare marble, the inscription in raised letters being as follows: "This tablet commemorates the patriotism and courage of Lieutenant Harold Lathrop Borden, B.A., '97, who, while leading his troops to victory, fell at Withport, South Africa, July 6, 1900." In the marble of the upper part of the frame are carved the well-known words from Virgil's Aeneid: "Semper honor nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt," in Dryden's English, "Your honor, name and praise shall never die."

Mrs. Hodgins gave an informal tea on Monday at her home, 92 Pembroke street, for Mrs. Hurdis Ravenshaw, who is spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Dickson Patterson. The weather fortunately cleared in time for the company to assemble in the pleasant home where Mrs. Hodgins is always the sweetest of hostesses, and enjoy meeting the English lady who was the guest of honor at the little "five o'clocker."

Mrs. Sanford Evans and her children returned to Winnipeg on Thursday. During her stay in Toronto Mrs. Evans has been entertained at great and small affairs, perhaps the most grateful of which to the handsome young matron was the matinee musicale and tea tendered her by the members of the Woman's Musical Club, of which she was, I understand, the foundress. Every Thursday morning during the season the club meets in the Temple Building one or more of the artistic coterie being responsible for the programme of music to be enjoyed, sometimes all of one composer, sometimes varied. Exceedingly interesting and well arranged programmes have come under my notice. On Saturday afternoon an excellent one was enjoyed by a huge attendance of specially invited guests, in addition to the club proper. After the music the daintiest of teas was served, and Mrs. Evans had many handshakes and murmured words of affection and esteem from her friends. She looked a picture in a stunning gown and hat, and her face was alight with the pleasure of the hour, when she must have realized that even her separation from us has not in the least dulled our appreciation. I have not room to enumerate half of the bright, smart crowd of friends who were at this complimentary reunion.

A gem of a studio is that of Miss Lillian Vaux Evans at 16 King street west, and its gradual perfecting has been watched with much interest during the past month. On Monday 'twas perfectly delightful to forget the rain and mud and steep oneself in the balmy fragrance and artistic atmosphere of this pretty sanctum. Miss Evans and her sister, Mrs. Hotchkiss Osborne, received in the first room, and Mrs. Sanford Evans, in whose honor the tea was arranged, was here and there, exchanging a word with each of her friends. Mrs. Sanford and Miss Sanford of Hamilton, who have just returned from a long Continental and English sojourn, were among the first guests to enter the studio, but it soon filled with a bright company of women who poked and pried, and admired and complimented as intimates and artists might. If my readers are half as weary as many of them say they are, of hearing of the garments worn in society, they will just imagine hostesses looking their daintiest in gowns that harmonized gracefully with the delicate and grateful tints Miss Evans has chosen for her studio, and gentle pretty girls in white pouring tea and waiting with quiet care upon the ladies who gathered at the magic hour when "the tea is freshly made." The Misses Vaux and Miss Beatrice Wilson poured tea.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones have gone to Nassau, where quite a Toronto colony will soon be formed.

Lady Mulock intends to close her house here shortly and go down to Ottawa before the opening of Parliament, which will not take place until March 12.

Miss Suzanne Mara gave a delightful little informal tea to a few friends on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Wallace Bruce (nee Lampert) and Mrs. Ernest Wright (nee Steele) of Hamilton.

Lady Kirkpatrick of Coeburn gave two very smart afternoon teas this week on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, being good enough to take twice the trouble and secure more comfort for her guests. On Wednesday the drawing-room, with its many beautiful ornaments and pictures, was the most brilliant of scenes, about half-past five, when the large party, numbering probably two hundred, was assembled. Lady Kirkpatrick was in creamy white velvet, a beautiful dainty gown, with chiffon and touches of delicate brown fur, and a little coronet of oak leaves upon her waved coiffure. "The queen of hostesses" some one said, after receiving her greeting. Miss Kirkpatrick, in white muslin delicately trimmed with lace and embroidery; Miss Mary Davidson in pale pink crepe; Mrs. A. T. Kirkpatrick, Miss Homer Dixon, and other graceful attendants waited upon the guests, serving many tempting and dainty trifles and tea and coffee from two pretty tables set on either side of the east end of the grand salon, and done in pink and white, the frocks of the young ladies being in tone with the color scheme of the decoration. Plenty of beautiful roses and other blooms were peeping from every available corner all about the fine room. Plenty of men, too, the very nicest in town, found time, as they generally can if sufficiently attracted, to turn up at Wednesday's tea.

Optimism.

There's not a man of all that preach despair
Who, under his stolidity, would dare
A moment go without the inner trust
That something Blessed shall be found somewhere.
—H. W. Byrner in "McClure's."



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430 Ladies' Walking Skirts of Navy all wool
serge, black, plain and fancy lustre,
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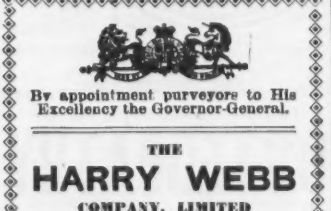
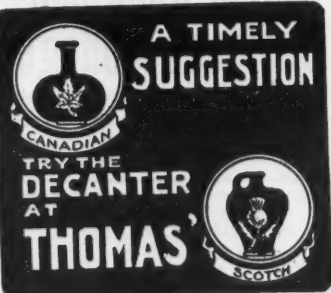
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Social and Personal.

MANY Toronto women who attended those wondrous meetings of the Woman's Council at the World's Fair have kept a green memory of Mrs. Sewall (May Wright Sewall, as, after the fashion of the country, she was called). Mrs. Sewall was the busiest and the most capable in my recollection of the four or five who managed the International Council of Women, of which she is now president, and it is with interest that I hear she is coming east to lecture on the evening of February 20, in Conservatory Music Hall, on "The Effects of Higher Education on Women in the Home." The Canadian Household Economic Association has a practical bent, which ensures those who attend such lectures under its auspices the most valuable information and suggestion. I bespeak for bright and bonny Mrs. Sewall a big and high-class audience. As she is a woman of prominence, socially as well as intellectually, some entertainments will possibly mark her sojourn in Toronto. I hear that Mrs. Treble will probably give a reception at her splendid home, Euclid Hall.

Mrs. Frank D. Benjamin has sent out cards for an afternoon tea on Wednesday at her residence, 337 Sherbourne street.

Miss Edythe Hill's song recital at the Normal School Theater is on for this evening, and promises much interest.

Mrs. Albert Kleiser has sent out cards for an afternoon tea next Tuesday afternoon, February 10, at her residence, 504 Ontario street.

Mrs. J. E. Graham entertained at afternoon tea yesterday at her residence, 583 Church street.

The course of Saturday afternoon lectures at Trinity College begin next Saturday (Valentine's Day) at 3.30, with a musical, directed by Dr. Ham, for which the list of performers includes Miss Temple Dixon, Miss B. Smith, Miss R. Gordon, Miss Mabel O'Brien, Dr. Crawford Scadding, Mr. Arthur Hayes, Herr Heinrich Klingensfeld and Mr. Henry Saunders. It should be excellent.

The young folks tell me that the ice and music are unusually good this season at the Victoria Rink. Verbum sap!

The younger lady members of the Skating Club gave a skating evening on Thursday to a number of specially invited guests at the Mutual Street Rink. The hostesses were all that is kind and cordial, and those honored with invitations were fortunate.

Mrs. Ema Scott Raff, F.C.M., instructor of physical expression in Victoria College, will give an address next Tuesday afternoon, February 10, at the monthly meeting of the Canadian Household Economic Association, her subject being "A Fit Temple." All interested are cordially invited by the association to attend this meeting, which will be held in the theater of the Normal School at 3 p.m.

I hear that Lady Minto has offered a handsome prize for the finest exhibition of skating by ladies this season. The details of the competition have escaped me, but we have at least three ladies in Toronto who are expert and graceful enough to come near to winning, and I hope they will "make an effort."

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Mulock and Mr. Mulock, with Miss Adele Falconbridge, have been sent out of town so often before they were ready to go, by the reporters, that I am quite dubious about mentioning that they really did leave for Nassau on Thursday. Their stay in the salubrious island of New Providence may be of weeks' or months' duration, according to circumstances.

The Bachelors have made most of their arrangements for their fine "soiree dansante" at McConkey's on the 20th, and have taken up their obligations in a hearty and enthusiastic manner, which

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shows their sense of indebtedness to the many kind hosts and hostesses who have so liberally entertained them these years back. They are going to give an "awfully lovely party," with neither expense nor care spared to make their happy guests enjoy themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. O'Hara of 53 Bernard avenue have gone to Deland, Fla., for three or four weeks. As I mentioned, this inland resort is being tried by several Toronto parties this winter.

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall have decided not to go to the South, as they intended, owing to some difficulty about securing a cottage residence instead of hotel quarters, I believe.

Varsity dance in the Gym, collided with very smart dance at McConkey's last evening, much to the regret of both parties, I am sure; but there was an ample attendance of bright young folks at both functions.

If anything could have been more discourteous or gratuitously meddling than another, it seems it would be the censure passed upon our jolly, sensible Scottish visitors by a party of religionists for their unspeakable wickedness and shocking example in going to see the Falls on a Sabbath day. The Falls were working just as usual, and all nature seemed to smile on the Scotchmen. I have heard from every quarter—even from prominent holy men in orders—protests against the utterances of the conclave who put their censure on the Scotch curlers for spending the Sabbath in viewing one of the big things in nature, which is inspiring to a degree often, I am sorry to fancy, superior to their homilies. If you buy a postage stamp or enjoy nature on the Sabbath you're "it" with the blackest of the "cloth," no matter who said the Sabbath was made for man.

The Grey County Old Boys' Association will hold their second annual at Home at the Temple Building on February 11. After a good musical and literary programme those desiring it may dance, and refreshments will be served.

Mrs. and Miss Carveth have gone to Ithaca to visit Mr. Hector Carveth, one of the professors at Cornell. This week is Cornell's gala week of the year, and the fair mother and daughter are doubtless being feted royally.

A jolly dance was given at the London Hunt Club last Friday evening in honor of Miss Hamilton Moore of Toronto, at present the guest of Mrs. William Spittal of Ridout street south.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. McKinnon leave for Southern California the end of this week, and will be absent until about the first of May.

A distinguished scientist and scholar, Dr. Robertson of Berwick, is contemplating a visit to and possibly a residence in Canada. He will come out this spring to view our land and renew acquaintance with some of the cultured and courtly Scotch scholars who have preceded him.

Mrs. Agnes Knox-Black delighted all her old Toronto friends and many new ones on Monday evening by her recitations at the Round Table conversat. A queenly presence, a gracious manner, a lovely voice and a splendid gown made Mrs. Black irresistible. Her charming little friend, Miss Greta Masson, looking lovely and singing delightfully, was also welcomed back with enthusiasm. The hall was simply crowded, and the ladies, managers and performers, carried all before them. Mrs. Black was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong-Black during her brief stay and left on Tuesday morning to deliver some lectures in other cities before returning home.

Such a pretty little bride held her post-nuptial receptions on Monday and Tuesday, when Mrs. Wallace Bruce was at home at her parents' residence in Jarvis street. She wore her wedding gown of white satin, deeply flounced with acorn-embroidered chignon and embroidered with pearls about the tucked gumpie, which was finished with a fall of lovely Brussels lace. Miss Lamport, in her bridesmaid's dress of white crepe, assisted. Mrs. Lamport, in a handsome black lace over white chignon and silk, was in the reception-room with the winsome little bride, or in the tea-room with some special friend, during the afternoon. The bridegroom, who has been busy in the bank at Newmarket, came down after business hours and bravely faced the chaff and congratulations of the fair ones. Unfortunately for Toronto friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce are going to reside in Newmarket. Mrs. J. D. Allen, Miss Marion Barker and Miss Suzanne Mara were in the tea-room on Tuesday. Mrs. John Bruce also assisted on Monday. An avalanche of cards informed the late callers that the afternoons had been busy ones for the young matron, whose radiant smile assures everyone of her happiness. Mrs. Bruce leaves for Newmarket next Tuesday, but will be with Mrs. Lamport on Monday next, and will be at home to callers, with her mother, whose "day" it happens to be.

Though Mrs. Langtry had an uninteresting play which she did not appear to find worth exerting any art to vivify for her loyal friends in Toronto last week, the theater was a smart sight every evening. Everyone seemed to be on hand, and the gowns (not stagey enough to be convincing) were duly criticized and admired. Mr. Hartley Manners, who wrote the play, has the most suitable and possible part, and plays it "quite all right" from start to finish. He is a very bright young man, and the sort of Englishman whom our people always find most congenial and reciprocal. During their three days' stay in Toronto Mrs. Langtry and some of her company were entertained at teas by Mrs. Ridout of Rosedale House and others and at supper by Mrs. Melvin-Jones and Mr. Beardmore. The company were also here on Sunday, when Mrs. Langtry drove about, leaving cards on her hosts, until it's a wonder there wasn't a vote of censure on every Crossway.

I was pleased to receive a little note from Mrs. Skinner (nee Gillies) on Monday, telling of her arrival in Toronto, after so long an absence. She is with her people at 140 Bedford road. It would delight her friends to see the little lady driving about in her old masterful way, to the despair of motormen and the wonder of all at her "close shaves." Miss

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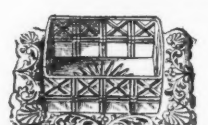
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Gillies returned with her sister from Vancouver, where she has been for some time.

Mr. Henry Denison of Davenport, Ia., has been in town visiting his sister, Mrs. J. M. Delamere. Mr. George Baker, an ex-congressman and close friend, came over with Mr. Denison, and has been welcomed and enjoyed as a most attractive Westerner. Mr. Baker returned west on Tuesday.

Miss M. Butler of Stratford, Mrs. S. H. Westman, Mrs. Pugsley, Mr. A. D. Morrow, Mrs. Francis Scott, Miss High, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ardagh, Mr. and Mrs. E. Brown, Mr. F. N. Waddie, Miss Jessie Waddie, Mrs. Eby, Miss Clara Eby, Mrs. Angus MacMurphy, Miss May Bastedo, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Clarry, Mrs. C. W. Taylor, Miss Taylor, all of Toronto; Mrs. and Miss Young, Dr. Vernon, Mrs. T. B. Greening of Hamilton, Mrs. A. Grant of Port Hope, Miss F. Schleichinger of Niagara Falls, Mrs. William H. Barr, Mr. W. Burton Eshleman, D.D.S., Mrs. Hume of Buffalo, are recent guests registered at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines.

The coming conversation at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, on Friday evening, February 13, promises to be one of exceptional interest. The Victoria University Glee Club, the Toronto University Quartette and Mr. C. E. Clarke, soloist, will contribute the musical numbers, whilst two orchestras will provide music for the engagements. For the convenience of Toronto guests a special train will leave the Union Station at seven o'clock sharp, calling at Queen Street East Station at seven-thirty. Friends of the college generally are cordially invited to attend this popular function. Street railway cars will be in waiting on Station street on return of the special train. Railway and admission tickets may be had at the office of Mr. R. C. Hamilton, Royal Insurance Building, 27-29 Wellington street east, Toronto.

A most enjoyable afternoon euchre was given by Mrs. Allen Wilmot Hart on Tuesday between the hours of four and six. Mrs. Hart, assisted by her nieces, Misses Muriel and Nora Simpson, received in a lovely black lace gown over silk; the Misses Simpson looked sweet and dainty in white. The fortunate prize-winners were Mrs. Eastwood, who won the first, Mrs. Knight the second and Miss Koney the consolation. Among those present were Mrs. Richard

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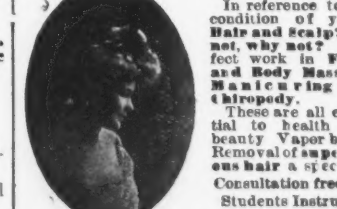
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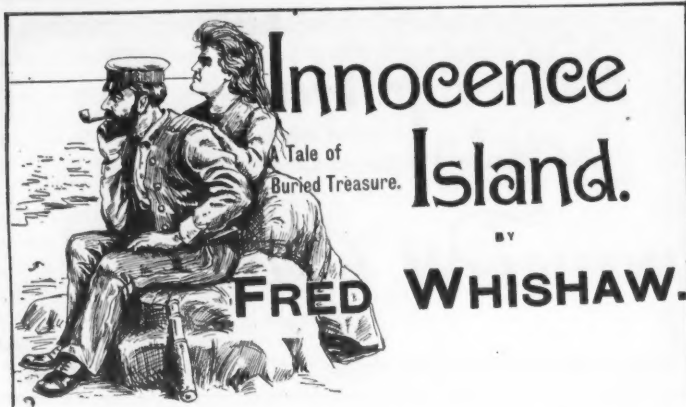
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The story opens with a "misunderstanding" between two lovers; the girl, in order to please the man she really loves, gives hope to Dick Robinson, a young sailor just starting on board the "Heeuba" for San Francisco. A shipwreck on the south coast brings forth the heroic qualities of the real lover, but though weeks pass on he does not seek reconciliation. The "Heeuba" loses its captain and Jake Foster takes his place. The ship is wrecked on an uninhabited island; all lives are saved and the main cargo, among which are six huge boxes of gold. The crew decide to stop in the island for some years in the hope of appropriating the treasure (which they conceal), and they pass stringent laws to meet cases of desertion, etc. Nevertheless, Dick Robinson, who wants to be home, sighting a ship, signals and rows out in face of Jake Foster's threats and bullets. Narrowly avoiding being hit, Robinson gains the steamer's deck, and eventually escapes to San Francisco, where he falls ill. In the meantime the "Parliament" decides that the treasure shall be buried and Robinson tracked by Evans and Ingalls. The human bloodhounds scent their prey at Southampton under exciting circumstances, in which Harry Beadon becomes involved. This lad belongs to Seadown, where, after Robinson's supposed death, Keith Adams and Ruby Amright had begun the old relations, but no engagement had taken place. When Keith hears of Dick's return he is half wild. At first thoughts of murder cross his mind, but eventually better feelings conquer and he goes to greet his long-lost friend. At first Dick, who believes Keith has supplanted him in Ruby's affections, behaves surlily; then, on learning the true condition of things, he tells his story, and gains Keith's sympathy. The latter returns to Seadown to announce the wonderful news, whilst the two bloodhounds turn up at Robinson's inn.

CHAPTER XI.

Dick Is In Deadly Danger.

Apparently the joy or, as the other gentlemen expressed it, the pleasant surprise of seeing old friends, was too much for Dick Robinson's feelings, for instead of falling figuratively into their arms and exchanging friendly greetings, as friends should, he tottered, turned half round as if to retreat up the stairs, stumbled heavily and would have fallen to the ground but for the timely assistance of Mr. Evans, who caught him.

"Hold up, my hearty!" cried the latter. "Why, what's the matter—ill, are yer?"

Robinson had fainted, however, and could give no explanation.

"What he's done down here I don't know," said the landlord, appearing from somewhere, "he's no more to be out of bed, and him in a high fever yesterday."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Evans. "Staying in the house, is he? Well, we're lucky to have found an old friend in trouble, for we shall be glad to help him through with it. D'you think he's well enough to be took away?"

"Oh, he's well enough if he can pay his bill," said the landlord. "We don't care to have sick folks in the house; they want too much attention for busy people."

"You're right, they do. Go and fetch a cab, mate, and we'll take him right home with us, poor chap. He'd do the same for us if we was in trouble."

Within five minutes the two strangers had placed their man within the cab and driven off with him. The address they gave the driver was the "Blue Dragon," Robinson was still unconscious.

"This is a bit of all right, if ever there was one—well in luck for once, mate. But his damned head against the side, or he'll break his neck wobbling it up and down that way. It's a good thing for us he's ill and been ill for a while; that can be proved in a minute. Anyone has a right to die without being asked questions when he's been as ill as that."

"Maybe he'll die without us," said the other man. "I don't want to hang for the silly fool; we can give him a day or two, anyhow."

"That depends," said Evans. "No risks either way, if we can help it."

Dick Robinson had not recovered consciousness by the time the inn was reached. He was carried in, Evans explaining that they had found a sick friend and would keep him and pay for him till he could get a berth in the hospital.

"Come from abroad, bad with fever—not catchin'," Evans explained.

Robinson recovered consciousness presently.

"Where am I?" he asked, making a feeble effort to sit up.

"You're all right—you're stayin' in the 'o-tel, at our expense," said Evans. "Bit of luck our findin' you, wasn't it, Mr. Robinson? They're wild with you over on the island, I can tell you, ain't they, mate?"

The gentleman addressed laughed loudly. "They can't get along without you there," he said, "and that's the truth!"

Now that Robinson was actually in the hands of his enemies he was surprised to find that he no longer felt that nervous, paralyzing terror which had so unmanned him while he walked, as he had expressed it, "in the dark, with the devil about." On the contrary, he was conscious of a feeling of anger against these men so bitter that if he could have killed them both at a touch he would have done so. He also felt a strong determination to fight for his life, which, he knew well, was in the balance.

"Praps you'd rather be there than here, now you've tried both," said Evans. "Would you like to come back with us?"

"Don't you fret," replied Robinson. "You haven't done with me yet."

"Don't you fret, neither," said Evans. "We shall have done with you quite as soon as you'll like. We want to get back to the island."

"Maybe you won't. What d'you think you're going to do with me? This ain't the island. You're in a Christian country. You can't do what you like 'ere."

"That's a matter that don't call for discussion," said Evans, and the conversation languished.

When, presently, Robinson rose in order to go and sit nearer the window, he

was angrily told to resume his seat. When he suddenly made a rush for the same window a few minutes later, intending to throw it open and shout for help, both men threw themselves upon him and bore him down. One of them quickly produced a large handkerchief with which he gagged his mouth. The other held and presently bound his hands. Further developments of the situation were postponed by a timid knock at the door, and the boy Beadon looked in.

This sudden appearance was the result of Keith Adams' anxious consideration of the problem lately placed before him for solution. Keith had decided, after long and profound cogitations, to undertake a somewhat dangerous enterprise. Remembering that young Beadon had promised his two stranger friends to inform them when Dick Robinson should appear in Seadown, it occurred to him that there was an opportunity of meeting the fellows face to face and perhaps of inducing or frightening them into returning to their island lest a worse thing should happen to them. Beadon should seek them at the address given and inform them that their man was at Seadown and might be seen any evening returning to his lodging in the outskirts of the town. This would fetch the two fellows down. He himself would then represent Robinson, and thus surprise the rascals red-handed—ready, at any rate, to commit a crime if the opportunity offered.

The terrible risk to himself of such a scheme scarcely occurred to Keith Adams. He thought little of such matters, having, perhaps, an overwhelming confidence in his own prowess and discretion.

Then the boy Beadon was duly coached in his part and despatched; and indeed he could scarcely have arrived on the spot at a more critical moment. Being a lad of some intelligence, he took in the situation at a glance, and with a howl of terror he turned and fled downstairs.

In the bar below stood a man or two, and Beadon shouted to them as he sprang into the street and away.

"There's fightin' going on upstairs," he yelled. "There'll be murder in a minute if you don't go up!"

Evans heard him in the room above. With a curse he hastily took the cord about Dick's wrists and removed the gag. He replaced the chair that had been upset and tidied the carpet, rucked up in the short struggle.

Dick Robinson rose to his feet and shook himself, and at that moment the landlord rushed in.

"Come, what's up? Who's to blame? I won't have any fighting here," he said angrily. "Out you go, one and all!"

"All right, landlord! It was my fault; I'll go!" said Robinson, with wonderful presence of mind. "We'll settle this another day, mate. So long, for just now."

Robinson turned and went out before Evans could think of a plea for preventing him. He staggered downstairs with difficulty. An empty cab happened to be passing, and he hailed the driver.

"Southampton West Station as quick as you like," he gasped, and fell into the vehicle more dead than alive.

"That's the chap you brought in sick," said the landlord upstairs. "What's he been up to, fightin' first thing?"

"He's mad or drunk," explained Evans. "Wasn't pleased, I suppose, to be taken proper care of. Run down and fetch him back, mate. I'll be responsible he don't do no harm, landlord."

But Robinson was no longer to be seen, and Evans and his partner were forced to realize that their quarry had eluded them.

"D—him; he didn't look like being so nippy when we brought him in! Don't fret, mate. We'll get him at Seadown, presently, if we can't find him here."

"D— that young whelpson that looked in and gave the alarm! It was his fault," said the other, angrily. "What in thunder did he want coming here?"

"Thought he'd seen Robinson at Seadown, maybe. Maybe he has been there and come back. He's sly enough, our man, for anything."

"He'll have to be sly to dodge us again, now he's done us once. No quarter, mate. That's what's going to be our game next time. An' if I catch that young imp of Satan—"

"You'll hang before you've done, mate, if you aren't careful," said Evans.

At Seadown, an hour later, Keith was twice startled within the same number of minutes; for as he sat at his tea there ran hurriedly into the room two persons, following closely one upon the other.

First came Harry Beadon, who omitted the ceremony of knocking, but burst into the room white, dusty, haggard, the picture of a terrified youth. He sank into a chair. "Oh, Lord help us all!" he muttered. "I was too late, Mr. Adams! They've got him, and I think they've murdered him!"

Beadon had run all the way from the station, and could scarcely speak for panting.

"Murdered who? Not Dick?" exclaimed Keith, starting up. "You didn't see it done—is he dead?—tell me quick!"

"I don't know whether he was dead. He was tied and gagged, and they both stood over him. Lord knows what they've done! I gave the alarm and ran."

Robinson proved very effectually that his murder had not been finally accomplished, by rushing into the room at this point.

"Give me a drink, Adams," he gasped. "I'm more'n half dead!"

CHAPTER XII.

Exit Dick.

Dick conferred long and seriously with his friend. "You played the man, if all you say's true," said Keith, "and I'm

glad of it; for I was afraid you wouldn't, what I saw of you up at Southampton."

"I'm all right now," Dick replied. "Anybody'd be scared knowing there was two chaps sworn to kill him shadowing him in the dark."

"Well, don't think you're safe yet, for you ain't. We've got to be as careful as cats, or you'll forget it. The sooner you can get out of the place and to sea the better it'll be for you. What's this idea you say you have for gettin' the gold back from the island?"

"Why, the company ought to furnish a ship, they've plenty—to fetch back the 'Heeuba's' crew. At the same time the bankers who owned the gold, then or the underwriters, if it was insured, ought to be sounded. We should ask them, if by any chance we was to be able to save the stuff, the 'Heeuba' havin' gone down close to shore, how much they'd want in a divide, and how much'd go to the finders."

"That's all right; that'd be square all round. Now, see here, Dick, don't you go and get scared by what I'm going to say, which is this: You're the only man on our side. I take it, what knows anything of us, this being a world in which accidents is constantly happening. I don't say you're in any particular danger, but with these two desperate blokes about you've got to be careful. Mind you, it isn't the swag I'm thinkin' of, but there are folks in this place who want their friends fetched back, and how are we going to get 'em if we don't know where they are?"

"Well, I'll write it; but darn me if I'd do it for any but you, Keith, and that's the truth. It's a big trust to put in a man."

"That's all right. The secret shan't go past you, long as you're alive, mate; and if I didn't want to keep you alive, why should I take all this trouble for your sake?"

So Dick Robinson prepared charts both of the island and of the spot in which he had seen the treasure buried and which he had since examined very carefully with an eye to emergencies, taking measurements and so on, and obtaining accurate results, which he now placed upon record. When all was finished he handed his sealed envelope to Keith Adams, who put it carefully under lock and key.

It was two days after this conversation that young Harry Beadon, walking along the towing path of the canal in the evening as he went home, was startled and frightened by the sudden apparition of two men, who came out from the shadow of a bridge and stood before him, barring his way.

Harry was terribly alarmed, for he recognized them at once, but he did his best to play the man.

"Now, then, you imp of mischief," said Evans, always the spokesman of this worthy couple, "we've wanted you for several days, now we've got you."

"What d'you want me for?" asked Beadon, assuming an unconcern which he certainly did not feel.

"Why, to wring your neck, my son, for spoilin' our game t'other afternoon, and we shall do it, too, and chuck you in this stinkin' canal unless you swear you'll do as I say."

"That depends what it is," said Beadon, pluckily. "I don't suppose you'd murder me, would you, because I accidentally looked in at the wrong moment? You'd be sure to swing for it, you know, and it wouldn't be worth while."

"Don't you believe it, sonny. We shall get clear away before you're found. But what's the use of arguing until we know whether you're going to obey? There's no reason we shouldn't be good friends?"

"You haven't told me what you want of me yet!" said Beadon. "Let's hear that, and I'll tell you all the rest if I can."

"Firstly, where's our man, and what's his habits here? We've got to nab him at any price. If you wasn't a fool you'd help us. It'd be worth your while."

"And supposin' I refuse to tell you anything about him, what then?"

"See here, sonny," said Evans. "Ever seen one of these little tools before?" He produced a horrible looking knife in a sheath, from which he drew it. The sight sent all Beadon's manhood to the winds.

"Oh, Lord, don't!" he said. "Put it away—don't hurt me! I'll do anything you like to tell me. I only asked for curiosity."

"That's a clever lad. Now, you're talking so as you can be understood. Well, now, where's he to be found, our man?"

Harry gave the address of Keith Adams' lodging.

"Now, see here, my lad," said Evans, "you've done nothing that can matter, and you needn't be ashamed of havin' told me where he's to be found. All you've got to be afraid of is tellin' a single soul in the world that you've seen me to-night. I shall be sure to know if you do. You may swear to that with your last dyin' breath! And when I do know of it, you haven't more'n an hour to live, for I'll follow and cut you in strips with this knife wherever you are! An' you may swear to that, too!"

"I won't tell! I won't tell! I swear I won't!" blubbered poor Beadon.

"All right, sonny. If you don't, no one isn't going to hurt you. It's only if you do."

This interview was more than poor Harry Beadon could bear. He left Seadown the following morning, and walked up to Southampton with his bundle under his arm in order to find a berth in a land boat with perils. He shipped as master's boy in a small coasting vessel, and was aloft by the evening.

That day Dick Robinson paid his first visit to Ruby. What reception he may have expected from her and what he received are both matters as to which there is no evidence to bring forward, excepting that he did not remain very long, and that he was pale and worried-looking when he reached home—so much so that the landlady remarked upon it, telling him a friend in the back parlor that Mr. Robinson looked worse than ever to-day, and she was quite afraid he must be going to have another attack of illness.

"After what he's been through that wouldn't be no great wonder!" said the

visitor, for by this time the story of Dick's return from the grave, together with various versions of his adventures, had passed from end to end of the little town.

Keith noticed his friend's dejection, and it puzzled him much. "He made some mistake with her. Too affectionate, maybe, or praps too confident, and she was queer with him. Ruby's not one to take liberties with. He's got to learn that!"

So uncommunicative and depressed was Dick that Keith went out, in the evening, to seek more congenial society among his friends.

"You don't look well, mate," he said at parting. "You'd be wise to go to bed early. Tell Mrs. Binton not to open to anyone but me."

After Keith had left the house Robinson began to walk up and down the room. He cursed freely and seemed to be in the worst of humors, but he mentioned no names and gave no indication of the source of his trouble. Presently an idea seemed to occur to him. He let himself out of the front door and went out, down the street, and into the public-house at the corner. Here he stood at the bar and drank hard for an hour. Men came and stood by him, attempting to hold conversation, but failed, and gave up the attempt very quickly, observing that he was as short and surly as a sick bear. He would drink, but he would not talk.

When, near closing time, he staggered from the bar and out of the door, he was dazed and uncertain which way to turn for some time. He chose the wrong way, and walked unsteadily in the contrary direction.

So unsteadily, indeed, that once or twice he was near falling on his nose, and felt tipsily glad when some good Samaritan caught him under the arm and supported him.

"It's a longer way home than I thought," muttered Dick. "That's the worst of living in these damned outskirts!" He pronounced his words thickly and perhaps his companions—there were two of them—did not easily follow his remarks. At any rate, they made no reply. It was dark, for the lamps in this outlying road, leading to the downs, were scarce and far apart. Even if it had been light it is possible that Dick would not have recognized the obliging friends so kindly proffering their assistance, for, as a matter of fact, he was very drunk indeed.

Someone remaining at the bar after Dick had staggered away remarked that this was Robinson, the man who had returned from the grave—the survivor of the "Heeuba."

"His adventures didn't seem to have improved his temper, for a more surly, ill-mannered chap he had never come across."

"He's drunk," said a candid friend. "So'd you be if you'd been so long on a bloomin' island where you couldn't get a drink. It makes you mild for anything stronger'n milk!"

"Where's he stayin'?" asked a third man, and when told that Dick was living with his old pal, Keith Adams, this man asked why he had turned up the Downs instead of to the right?"

But the general consensus of opinion was that that was surely his own lookout, even though it wasn't the safest road, that by the Downs along the top of the cliff, for a man who had been drinking so steadily as Robinson had.

All these good fellows had to recall and repeat these remarks a day or two later at Seadown police court before the district coroner, for a body had been found in the sea, at the foot of the Downs Cliffs, which had been identified as that of poor Dick Robinson, and their was important evidence, since it enabled the coroner's jury to pronounce, without a dissentient voice, that the deceased had been found drowned, having missed his way and fallen over the cliffs while under the influence of drink. The jury added a rider recommending that a railing be placed along the edge of the cliff in order to minimize the risk of similar accidents in future.

(To be continued.)

Blunders on the Stage.

"PLAYERS are often guilty of amusing blunders on the stage. It is one of the traditions of our profession," says Julia Marlowe, the American actress, "that a player never really 'sees' his own blunder. He is the victim of some unusual or remarkable stage contrivance."

"On the first night of 'The Cavalier' I made a slip, which, fortunately, I recovered from by the rapidity of my subsequent actions. The ambulance had departed under the guidance of the treacherous villain, and I, as Charlotte Durand, was about to follow and save the men. The soldiers were rushing to make everything ready. I had picked up my saddle from the floor and threw it to one of the men."

"Put my horse on my saddle!" I cried. "If I had hesitated or had tried to repeat the line properly the audience would have roared. But that is one thing I have learned by experience, as every player does. If one makes a mistake, never go back to correct it. Everyone in

The Editor's Brain

Did Not Work Well Under Coffee.

A brain worker's health is often injured by coffee, badly selected food and sedentary habits. The experience of the managing editor of one of the most prosperous newspapers in the Middle West with Postum Food Coffee illustrates the necessity of proper feeding for the man who depends on his brain for living.

"Up to three years ago," writes this gentleman, "I was a heavy coffee drinker. I knew it was injuring me. It directly affected my stomach and I was threatened with chronic dyspepsia. It was then that my wife persuaded me to try Postum Food Coffee. The good results were so marked that I cannot say too much for it. When first prepared I did not fancy it, but enquiry developed the fact that cook had not boiled it long enough, so next time I had it properly made and was charmed with it. Since that time coffee has had no place on my table save for guests. Both myself and wife are fond of this new cup which is truer and does not inebriate in a much truer and fitter sense than coffee. My stomach has resumed its normal functions, and I am now well and strong again, mentally and physically."

"I am confident that coffee is a poison to many stomachs, and I have recommended Postum with great success to a number of my friends who were suffering from the use of coffee." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

YOU'VE no excuse for not drinking the best Tea obtainable. You have the same chance as others to get

...LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

the house will notice it then, whereas if you go right on the chance are that only a few people in the front rows have understood, and they have not time to laugh if you hurry.

"Old-timers can quote a score of incidents of this kind. 'I dabbled thee with my stagger,' said the eighteenth-century player, who thus ruined the great scene of a fine tragedy on the night of its first production at Drury Lane. 'A liss upon the kips' is another story told of the original Claude Melnotte, Macready."

"I have to confess that the extraneous influences which has sometimes drawn me out of the spirit of my part and once or twice has made me laugh in the midst of a serious situation, has resulted from the fascination which the faces of children have for me. Every emotion is poignantly and completely reflected in their little countenances as in a mirror."

Very Few People

Are Free From Some Form of Indigestion.

Very few people are free from some form of indigestion, but scarcely two will have the same symptoms.

Some suffer most directly after eating, bloating from gas in stomach and bowels; others have heartburn or sour risings; still others have palpitation of heart, headaches, sleeplessness, pains in chest and under shoulder-blades; some have extreme nervousness, as in nervous dyspepsia.

But whatever the symptoms may be, the cause in all cases of indigestion is the same—that is, the stomach for some reason fails to properly and promptly digest what is eaten.

This is the whole story of stomach troubles in a nutshell. The stomach must have rest and assistance, and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets give it both by supplying those natural digestives which every weak stomach lacks, owing to the failure of the peptic glands in the stomach to secrete sufficient acid and pepsin to thoroughly digest and assimilate the food eaten.

One grain of the active principle in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest 3,000 grains of meat, eggs or other wholesome food, and this claim has been proven by actual experiment, which anyone can perform for himself in the following manner: Cut a hard-boiled egg into very small pieces, as it would be if mashed; place the egg and two or three of the tablets in a bottle or jar containing warm water heated to 98 degrees (the temperature of the body) and keep it at this temperature for three and one-half hours, at the end of which time the egg will be as completely digested as it would have been in the healthy stomach of a hungry boy.

The point of this experiment is that what Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do to the egg in the bottle it will do to the egg or meat in the stomach, and nothing else will rest and invigorate the stomach so safely and effectually. Even a little child can take Stuart's Tablets with safety and benefit if its digestion is weak, and the thousands of cures accomplished by their regular daily use are easily explained when it is understood that they are composed of vegetable essences, aseptic, pepsin, diastase, and Golden Seal, which mingle with the food and digest it thoroughly, giving the overworked stomach a chance to recuperate.

Dieting never cures dyspepsia, neither do pills and cathartic medicines, which simply irritate and inflame the intestines.

When enough food is eaten and promptly digested there will be no constipation, nor, in fact, will there be distal of any kind, because good digestion means good health in every organ.

The merit and success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are world-wide, and they are sold at the moderate price of 50 cents for full-sized package in every drug store in the United States and Canada, as well as in Europe.

A Parisian Duel Averted.

"Pardon, monsieur, but were you addressing me?"

"No, monsieur, I was not addressing you."

"Then why not? Think you I am a man to be ignored?"

"Monsieur is pleased to be impertinent. But let him beware! I warn him. He warns me! How he is droll. It is the flea which warns the elephant!"

"Canaille! Turn away your face. It offends me."

"Bah! You are making of your cheap a telephone through which I speak. Take care lest I forget that I am a gentleman!"

"There is no danger. One can scarcely forget that which has never taken place."

"Pig of a pig! Come hither, and with the smallest finger of my left hand I will crush your fat bulk and grind it to a powder!"

"Oh, meanness of beasts that crawl, approach, that with a single breath I may blow you from the surface of the earth you pollute!"

"Enough, monsieur! My friends will wait upon you!"

"Pardon me; I think not. I am somewhat particular in my choice of restaurants."

"Monsieur pleases himself to be witty; but, perchance, ere long I shall tickle his ribs with a little jest of my own. I beg, monsieur, that you will do me the favor to present me with your card."

"Your solicitude is irresistible. Behold it!"

"What! Surely I am not addressing M. Prevost, the world-renowned manufacturer of pneumatic-tired baby carriages?"

"It would be useless, monsieur, for me to conceal my identity. But why do you weep?"

"Because, monsieur, I am myself a father. Alas! that I should have wished

to kill the benefactor of my darling child!"

"Wretch that I am! To think that I had almost put an end to the existence of an honored patron!"

"Monsieur, my head swims with pride at having made your acquaintance."

"And I, monsieur, am delirious with joy at the thought of numbering you among my friends! Come, let us celebrate our meeting in a glass of ab-sinthe!"

Coal at Eight Dollars.

You will be needing many more tons before the severe weather is gone. If you were to invest in one of those handsome \$5 coal oil heaters at Murray's you would have an excellent substitute, and could save \$25 on the heating account for the balance of the season. J. & J. Murray, 224 Yonge street. Telephone Main 1121.

Work and Sleep.

It is by no means the case that the more one sleeps the more one works. Some of the greatest workers of modern days have done with much less than the usual eight hours' sleep. Dr. James Legge, professor of Chinese, in the University of Oxford, who died at the age of eighty-two, was, it is said, in the habit of rising at 3 a.m., and allowing himself only five hours' sleep. Brunel, the famous engineer, for a considerable part of his life worked nearly twenty hours a day. Sir George Elliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield, who was in command throughout the great siege of Gibraltar, which lasted four years, never during all that time slept more than four hours out of the twenty-four. He lived to the age of eighty-four. "As I get old," said Humboldt, "I want more sleep—four hours, at least. When I was young, two hours' sleep was quite enough for me."

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Madam Thora's French Corset System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to enlarge the bust six inches; also fills hollow places in neck and chest. It has been used by leading actresses and society ladies for 20 years. Book giving full particulars sent free, before and after using the Corset System. Letters and orders to: Madam Thora Toilet Co., Toronto, Ont.



Curious Bits of News.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, the Kansas "saloon smasher," has bought for seventy-five hundred dollars a fifteen-room house in Kansas City, in which she proposes to establish a home for drunkards' wives.

It is reported that the Russian Minister of the Interior is considering a project for nationalizing the medical profession, so that all doctors and chemists would be state officials. A commission has been appointed to collect information.

A demonstration of the earth's rotation upon its axis will be given in the rotunda of the Capitol during the meeting of the National Academy of Science. The exhibition will be a replica of that given in the Pantheon in Paris some time ago. Suspended by a piano wire from the dome will be an iron ball several pounds in weight. As the earth revolves the ball will naturally change its position from time to time, the rotation of the earth being thus demonstrated.

Dr. Davidson, the new Archbishop of Canterbury and primate of all England, is a Scot, and in this connection it has been pointed out that a Scotsman is now Prime Minister; the leader of the Opposition is a Scotsman; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Attorney-General, Secretary of Board of Trade are Scotsmen. On the other hand, the Lord Chancellor, the Solicitor-General, the Secretary for India, the Foreign Secretary, the Chief Secretary for Ireland are of Irish origin. Where does poor England come in?

The progress of the religious census of London being made by the "Daily News" shows, with almost unbroken regularity, that Londoners are not church-goers. Seven districts of London have been enumerated—Kensington, Hampstead, Battersea, Paddington, St. Pancras, Lambeth, Wandsworth—with the result that, in a total population of 1,340,699 in these localities, only 267,514 men, women and children have attended the churches and missions of all the denominations and faddy religious sects. From this attendance a considerable reduction has to be made on account of those who go to church twice daily.

The Lady Chameleon is attracting attention in Paris. She is a young Rumanian, Marga Cerbus by name, whose coloring is determined by her emotions. Anxiety turns her green; she is pink when joyful, violet when afraid, and black when angry. The Boston "Journal" can see how such a woman would be a never-failing joy as a wife. Her husband would never be in a loss as to the precise nature of her mental condition. And then there might come a mildly polygamous feeling to a husband having a white wife, a colored wife and a red wife on different days. "Yet Miss Cerbus will, no doubt, marry a man that is color blind, and therefore unappreciative; such is the irony of life."

"It begins to look as though the brothers Lebaudy of Paris had already solved the problem that has baffled every airship inventor hitherto—sailing against the wind," says a writer in the "Scientific American." "Following up their first rather sensational success, they made an ascension at Nantes recently that gave striking testimony to the truth of the claim that they had made the most nearly perfect airship yet built. Several ascents were made, the balloon returning to a given spot each time. It moved in all directions above the fields and woods which border the Seine. In every instance the airship was brought back to its starting-point at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, the turn being made against the wind."

How Carnegie Greeted the King.

THE visit which King Edward paid Andrew Carnegie at Skibo Castle was a complete surprise to the philanthropist, the King merely telegraphing him a few hours before-hand that he would arrive at a certain time. Mr. Carnegie happened to be asleep when the "wire" came, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia "Press," and it was not handed to him until he awoke. The correspondent relates the incident that followed:

Then there was considerable excitement. The King was due in five minutes, and Mr. Carnegie was in despair at the thought that not a single arrangement for his reception had been made. Then he had an inspiration. At Skibo there is an immense pipe organ which Mr. Carnegie had put in some time ago for his own pleasure. An organist is a permanent member of the millionaire's household. Mr. Carnegie determined that the organ should thunder out "God Save the King" as his Majesty entered the castle. But when he sent for the organist, the reply came back that the musician had gone down to the neighboring swimming-pool.

"Have him out of the water, then!" roared Mr. Carnegie.

Fed the Doctor.

How He Made Use of Food.

Sometimes it is the doctor himself who finds it wise to quit the medicines and cure himself by food.

"In looking around for a concentrated palatable prepared food I got hold of Grape-Nuts and immediately began using it four times a day, exclusively for breakfast with milk, for luncheon and dinner as dessert, and a cup on retiring," says a physician of Mt. Zion, Ill.

"I had had nervous dyspepsia for over a year. My normal weight is 140 pounds, but I had been steadily losing flesh until a month ago I only weighed 122 pounds. I concluded it was time to throw 'physic to the dogs' in my case. Twenty-four hours after starting the Grape-Nuts regime the fullness and distress after eating had ceased. The heartburn, water-brash, palpitation of the heart and other symptoms that had reminded me for over a year that I had a stomach, soon disappeared, and I can now eat a square meal and feel good afterwards."

"I weighed yesterday and was surprised to find that I had gained 18 pounds in a month, and the end is not yet."

"The nervous symptoms have entirely disappeared, and I am stronger than I have been for two years. I thank you for placing Grape-Nuts at the disposal of those suffering with nervous dyspepsia." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

And so they had him out. Actually dripping and clad only in a blanket, the wretched man was brought back to the castle on the run, borne into the concert-room and plumped down on the organ stool. It was just time, for the word passed that the King's carriage was coming up the driveway. An immense screen had been dragged in front of the organist, now innocent even of his blanket, so that he was shielded from view, and thus, the water dripping from his hair, his fingers and his shoulder-blades, the shivering musician played "God Save the Queen," while one servant rubbed him with a coarse towel and another gave him brandy. The King was delighted with his musical reception, and when Mr. Carnegie told him the circumstances under which the National Anthem had been performed his Majesty laughed till his sides ached.

No More Pain in the Back.

Chas. Gilchrist, of Port Hope, Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Ex-Fishery Overseer in Splendid Health at Seventy-Four—What He has to Say of the Matter.

Port Hope, Ont., Feb. 2.—(Special.)—Everybody in Port Hope knows Mr. Charles Gilchrist, for fifteen years Chief of Police and afterwards Fishery Overseer of the Dominion Government. He is seventy-four years of age now and a healthy man. But he has had his share of suffering. For ten years he was afflicted with Diabetes and Kidney Disorder. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him.

Speaking of the case recently Mr. Gilchrist said: "I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills for about five years, off and on. When I get a pain in the back and my urine is full of brickdust I take a couple of Dodd's Kidney Pills and I am all right. I generally keep them on hand, for there is no medicine like them."

"When I commenced to take Dodd's Kidney Pills I was in a fearful state. They have made me a new man. I have about one-quarter acre in a garden. I dug and planted it last spring. When I first took Dodd's Kidney Pills I could not have done it to save my life."

"I believe I would have been dead only for Dodd's Kidney Pills."

It is cures like this that are giving Dodd's Kidney Pills their popularity.

The "Lazy Germ's" Opposite.

They've found the germs of this and that—

The germs that make us thin or fat. The germs that make us kiss; The germs that make us fall in love—I hope they'll never kick. Their magic microscopes above. The germs that make us work.

The germ of laziness is found—Torn from his happy nest. He galleys our systems 'round. And makes us long for rest. He is the germ of calm content. That peacefully will lurk. Unless there comes a mischief bent. The germ that makes us work.

The germ of laziness attacks Our hands and hands and feet. And makes a hammock to our backs. Feel perfect and complete. With pleasing smile and smirk; His sole exertion is to choke. The germ that makes us work.

The germ of laziness is found. Now we'll be tantalized. By folks who will not have us 'round. Unless we're pasteurized. They'll hold us in a grasp unkind And warn us not to shrink. And cry, 'O, hurry up and find A germ to make him work.' —Chicago "Tribune."

Felt Sorry For Him.

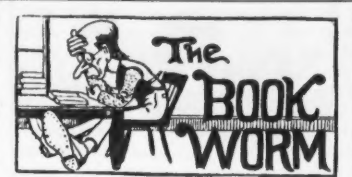


"Strike me, then! I defy ye! Phy don't ye strike me?"

"Shure, an' Oi wouldn't flatter ye by alterin' the shape av ye face!"

What May We Eat?

Says the "Family Doctor": "If all we read be true there is nothing one can safely eat. Bread is not to be thought of as an article of diet. It is a treacherous compound, consisting largely of alum and potatoes, and concocted in some unsanitary cellar; it is teeming with microbes, and is, so we are told, totally unfit for food. What, then, are we to look to? No careful man will surely touch beef, mutton or lamb, owing to the number of tuberculous carcasses which are constantly being placed upon the market. Piggy is tabooed because he may have died of swine fever. Butter and milk are poisoned with boracic acid and other noxious preservatives, to say nothing of the artificial coloring matter which is frequently added. Eggs are dangerous because so many of them are packed in lime to keep them good, and recently, too, a foreign bacillus has found his way through the shell. In addition to other drawbacks, cheese helps to ruin digestion. Root vegetables are to be avoided, because of wireworms. Tomatoes induce cancer, and cabbages may become poisonous by the action of improper fertilizers. Raw fruit helps along cholera. Fish, although possessing highly nutritious qualities, should be avoided owing to the large quantity which is sold in an unfit state for human consumption and the difficulty of obtaining it really fresh. Poultry, if fresh, appears to be the most wholesome sort of dish, as there is only a vague, undecided, and eminently backboneless microbe to its account. Therefore, duck and green peas appear to be the dish to make a stand upon, but let the peas be fresh. Still, when you come to think of it, you cannot always get duck, and you certainly cannot always get fresh peas. It is really a shocking prospect!"



"I AVINIA," by Rhoda Broughton (London: Macmillan's Colonial Library), comes to us as a pleasing and choice written bit of fiction. Lavinia Carew, round whom the greatest interest is centered, proves the most tolerant of women. Broughton up and educated by a surly old uncle, Sir George Campion, she has endeavored all her young life to bend her will to his. In marked contrast is one Feodorovna Prince who has thrown herself at two British officers in succession, but receives no encouragement. Sir George Campion has two sons. The elder, William, more commonly known as "Bill," dies in South Africa in saving a comrade, Captain Binning. The younger son, Rupert, has from childhood been looked upon as a suitor for Lavinia. They grow up together with this thought always in view. It is Sir George Campion's one yearning wish before he dies to have an heir, and he looks upon Lavinia with the greatest favor. His own opinion of Rupert is far from complimentary. He does not see how anyone in their right mind could fall in love with such a fellow, who could do nothing as yet to the glory and honor of the name of Campion. Meanwhile Feodorovna Prince makes an application to enlist as a nurse for South Africa, but is rejected. She has, however, endeavored to procure a wounded officer to nurse, none other than Captain Binning, for whom Sir George's older son sacrificed his life. The palatial Prince mansion is turned into a temporary hospital. The family of Campion, Lavinia included, pay their respects to the wounded soldier. The moment Lavinia and Captain Binning's eyes meet they know that Fate has intended them for each other. They both make a gallant struggle against it, but—love gains the mastery. Captain Binning recovers and returns to the field of action. Rupert reads Lavinia's heart. Their wedding day was set, but is postponed owing to an illness of old Sir George. Upon his recovery Lavinia begs Rupert to let the wedding proceed. She is unselfish enough to sacrifice her love to the bitter end, but in this she is thwarted by an accident which permits Rupert to display qualities of heroism with which he had never been credited—his greatest accomplishment being to judge old lace and china. Rupert's injuries are serious, but not immediately fatal. Lavinia tries to wring the truth from him as to his real feelings for her and as to what prompted his reckless daring. But he keeps his secret well, and when he dies Sir George is quite consoled with the thought that his younger son gave his life not less heroically than the elder one. Captain Binning returns to England and is drawn by some unforeseen power to the spot where he and Lavinia had last said farewell. Lavinia, being likewise drawn to the spot, finds him there and meets his embraces. There is the not unusual country parson and his sympathetic wife and ungovernable children. The story never lacks in thrilling incident from first to last, and is an old-fashioned love tale, prettily told.

Mr. Sidney H. Preston of Toronto, author of that comical book, "The Abandoned Farmer," and of an equally comical short story, "The Green Pigs," has written for the March "Scribner" a story which is mentioned as particularly clever. It is called "A Reformed Traveler."

Mr. Edward W. Townsend's new novel, "Lees and Leaven," is a story of life in this city—the city life in its quiet as well as in its noisy phases. There is nothing in it, it is said, of the "Chimie Fadden" element.

The late Mrs. Alexander left the MS. of a novel which is soon to be published under the title of "Kitty Costello." It is a story set in the middle of the last century, the heroine being an Irish girl of good family but induric purse.

The verses written by Charles Dickens—his comic satirical and political poems, with the lyrics from his opera, "The Village Coquette," and his prologue to Wilkie Collins's "Frozen Deep"—will soon be printed in a neat volume in London.

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"No, but even in America no one can understand it. Listen."

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"The consumer."

"How does it work?"

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"But," said the Empress, "is there no escape from this in America?"

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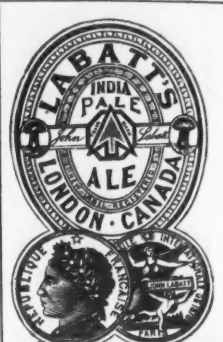
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GOLD MEDAL
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Connoisseurs affirm that "KING EDWARD VII." Scotch Whisky, Extra Special Quality, is the leader in superior quality and pure wholesomeness, and as that reliable firm—Greenlees Brothers—have given positive assurance that the quality will be maintained—it is bound to increase in popularity.

This is confirmed by the large sales of this superior Old Scotch, being over 1,000 cases per month, and also corroborated by the best Buyers in the country, who import the brand direct from the Argyleshire Distillers in large quantities—showing their confidence in the quality and popularity of the whisky.

Pure Whisky—All Dealers—Reasonable Price
LAWRENCE A. WILSON CO., LIMITED,
AGENTS, MONTREAL.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Drama

WHEN Mrs. Langtry gave before the King and Queen the only production of "The Crossways" seen in London, some of the chief British dailies made not the least attempt at criticism. Whether this was due to forbearance arising from the knowledge that the inflection had been brief and had passed away, or to some rule of court etiquette which forbids contradiction as vulgarly disloyal after the King has once expressed approval, it would be difficult to say. At that time we were informed that between the third and fourth acts His Majesty commanded Mrs. Langtry's presence, and in warm terms commended her for the "dramatic play" which she and Mr. J. Hartley Manners had produced. We were also told that the King leaned forward as the telegraph machine "tick-tick" the result of the race in the fourth act and that even staid Royal servants showed marked interest in the servants on the stage, but that etiquette restrained them from applauding, as it also did the rest of the assembly. Thereafter, of course, there was nothing left for the truly loyal British critic but to become enthusiastic over the magnificent confections worn by Mrs. Langtry on the stage and to pass in discreet silence the less important makers of dramatic construction, plot, dialogue and characterization.

Fortunately the bonds of etiquette are not drawn very tight in Toronto and it is not likely that His Majesty's feelings will be seriously hurt by criticism running counter to his own. Now that Mrs. Langtry has had the benefit of a splendid advertisement, given gratis by royalty, and duly recorded in the Court Circular—her manager must be a diplomatist of the first water to have secured so sure a means of dazzling the Americans—the necessity of remaining silent regarding the exact complexion of the drama which drew the largest first night audience of the season to the Princess Theater, has been removed. "The Crossways" bears all the distinguishing marks of amateurism of a high order. It is not homogeneous, it is badly constructed, its dialogue is dull, even childish, its plot awkwardly woven, its characters in the main badly drawn. So poorly laid is the foundation in the first act that it is only by the context that one is able to understand the motive of the play. It is only as the play progresses that the spectator is able to go back in recollection and understand the beginning. We are presented to a duke and duchess who live unhappily together and we are told the jealous suspicions of the duke, who is a brute, have driven the duchess to encourage the attentions of a lover, the naïvely absurd doctrine that if you have the name you may as well have the game being quite seriously laid down. When we see the duchess, played by Mrs. Langtry, receiving Sir Charles Croft in her boudoir at two o'clock in the morning, we think that the Duke of Keensbury is not, after all, much to blame, and are quite prepared to sympathize with him in succeeding scenes. The duchess pauses on the brink of an elopement and dismisses her lover, a great barrister with aspirations towards the Premiership of England, realizing that a scandal would react upon her brother Richard, who is about to marry the niece of the duke. The lover being dismissed and having left in an extremely matter-of-fact way, returns for a photograph—an ardently desired souvenir which he had begged and forgotten instantly. He cannot find it, but stumbles across a priceless pearl necklace which he "borrows" and pawns in Paris to tide him over financial difficulties, hoping to return it when his horse has won an impending race. His attentions cause a scene and the separation of the duke and duchess. When the latter hands over the family jewels the absence of the necklace is discovered, a detective is called in, and the long-suffering and virtuous duchess calmly allows her good-natured brother to confess and be arrested for the theft. In the third act is the best scene of the play, which is, however, only a revamping of the time-honored episode in "The School for Scandal," repeated and varied times without number since. The duchess and her brother, now out on bail, both go separately to Sir Charles Croft's house for purposes which can be divined. The jealous husband follows and we have a situation where the brother is in one room and the sister in another, while the lover and the husband exchange compliments on the stage. The duke charges Croft with harboring his wife, whereupon the latter is produced at the same time as her brother, who was there unknown to her, and all three unite to deceive the husband with the statement that the duchess was writing a letter and that her brother, who had escorted her, was waiting until she had finished. The lady who wades through oceans of deceit in order to save her reputation is familiar to the stage, and she is here reproduced in all her conscious innocence. Finally the duchess borrows the money to redeem the necklace; Croft wins his race; and the duchess deludes her husband into the idea that he has made a big mistake and that he had better ask his wife's pardon. This is brought about in the last act, which is conceived in an extremely puerile spirit. The scene in which all are waiting for the result of a race upon which great issues hang, is robbed entirely of any element of suspense, and the man who is on the verge of ruin reads the tape with a nonchalance which may be well-bred but is certainly not theatrical, while the other dramatic personae betray few signs of interest. In fact, the whole play collapses in this act, seeing that the dramatic interest which centers properly around the necklace, the efforts of the duchess to conceal the theft and those of the thief to restore the treasure before discovery, is dissipated by the confession of the duchess and her redemption of the necklace with borrowed funds before the race upon which we have been led to believe everything turns, has been decided. In other words, the audience is prepared for a certain climax, and when the time for its development arrives things are done which rob it of all theatrical significance.

Of Mrs. Langtry as the Duchess of Keensbury it is only necessary to say that she wore splendid dresses well. Artistically, she has not developed since her appearance here nearly a decade ago. She is apparently too utterly cold of temperament, too lacking in vivacity and artistic insight to ever become even a fairly competent artist. Of the members of her company, Mr. J. Hartley Manners, the author of the play, portrayed Richard Lord Scarlett in a spontaneous and natural fashion which made the character the only lovable one in the play, albeit it degenerated into innocuousness at times. Mr. Henry Vibart made a strong and dignified figure as the duke, and carried off stormy scenes with force and discretion. Mr. Matheson Lang as Sir Charles Croft was competent in a somewhat heavy style and handicapped by the immaturity of the dramatists.

The Grand had a very amusing show at the beginning of the week in "Peck and His Mother-in-law." If posters are meant to describe what is being run or even to embellish it, they are all right. Those shown for this production are enough to scare away any sane person, yet the show itself is good. Without care, however, the performance might easily degenerate into vulgarity, as it is merely a conglomeration of funny incidents, songs, jokes and dancing, most of which, or something like them, we have seen and heard before. Lots of the jokes, though, are new, and the dancing by the three Faust sisters is above the ordinary. The girls are mostly all pretty, especially one tall girl in the chorus whom "Josey" addressed as "Shorty," and Winnie Henshaw (Josey the housemaid), who is an exceptionally beautiful woman and a clever actress. In the second act poor judgment is shown in displaying portraits of United States generals and statesmen, quite ignoring Canadian sentiment and the brave men of Old England. Peck's mother-in-law is impersonated by a man, Mr. J. C. Mack, so one could not take offence at his many vagaries—libels on real mothers-in-law. Mr. Ned Monroe as Henry Peck was funny, and Mr. Tom Tempest made a handsome Detective Lynx. After the posters, it was quite a surprise to see so good a show. Dan Quinlan and Jimmy Wall, minstrels, occupy the boards at the Grand the last of the week.

A very enjoyable programme is offered at Shea's Theater this week, and well-filled houses continue to greet the performance. The kinetograph is being utilized again as a closing feature. It may also be observed that many people show their appreciation, or rather lack of it, by leaving the theater previous to this portion of the programme. If it were possible for vaudeville managers to omit such time-worn and tedious acts as the "moving picture show" and the "acrobatic turn," unless of startling and marvelous quality, it would be a gratifying change to the all-powerful majority. There is a troupe of acrobats at Shea's this week which might well be the exception, for their turn is certainly startling and marvelous; the "Athos Family" is a clever combination. Bellman and Moore, in "Hester's Promise," are old friends, but it's up to Hester to promise us something new for a return date. Janette Melville and Evie Stetson are two clever performers. Miss Melville's dialect imitations are beyond comparison, and Evie is really funny. That hair and that name would suggest a reminiscence of Uncle Tom, but as Evie would say, "Far be it from such." Ward and Curran are a remarkable duo, and their "Terrible Judge" is a novel and witty act, both gentlemen evincing exceptional ability to create mirth. The Three Keatons do a fair turn and Keaton senior has good reason to be proud of the small edition. That youngster will be a winner if he survives the mauling he gets at every performance. Burk's dogs are a well-trained aggregation, and their exhibition of intelligence is astonishing. Some of the tykes have quite an ear for music, too. The best act on the bill is that of Smith and Fuller, a musical turn, everything in which is new. Their execution is most praiseworthy and the sweet harmonies produced from grotesque-looking instruments are marvelous. Miss Fuller captivates the audience at each performance with her sweet vocal selections, accompanied by her expert manipulation of that poet of instruments, the harp.

"The Toreador," an attraction which comes to us from that prolific source of present-day musical comedy, the London Gaiety, has nothing of a distinguishing nature to commend it above its forerunners. Altogether apart from the production itself, as seen in England, is the excellent funmaking of Francis Wilson, who, without doubt, introduces bits of buffoonery which the original production knew nothing of. His speech at the end of the first act, in which he addressed the audience as "Ladies and gentlemen, and people from Hamilton," a revised version of a standard local jest, was quite as funny as anything in the piece proper, albeit recollection fails to recall anything especially brilliant. But the audience was prepared to overflow with laughter from the moment when Mr. Wilson, at the close of a scene, seized a huge pot with a large tree in it and using it as a bouquet, bowed gravely in answer to loud plaudits. Another interesting feature of the performance was the fact that Mr. Wilson's own associates could not

forbear to laugh at his antics, and in the last of the two acts Miss Nora Cecil, who plays a Spanish—or Spaniel, as Mr. Wilson called it—adventress, was actually unable to proceed, so strongly was she affected by the remarkable facial contortions of the comedian who must indeed have been in vein on Monday night. Second to Mr. Wilson came Mr. Joseph Coyne, whose impersonation of a brainless English swell, Sir Archibald Slackett, was something entirely novel, the most novel thing in the production, as a matter of fact, and a really excellent piece of broad burlesque managed with infinite skill. It is scarcely necessary to deal with the plot, which concerns the love affairs of Sammy Gigg, a tiger (footman) and various other people of characteristically comic opera type who journey from London to Biarritz and later to Villaya in Spain, with the same cogent reasons as actuated their prototypes in "The Geisha," "San Toy," "Florodora" and "The Messenger Boy" in moving from place to place. Mr. Wilson as Gigg masquerades in various costumes, and at one time is on the point of entering the arena as a toreador and attacking six bulls, when the person he has been impersonating turns up and relieves him of the task. He is also mixed up in a Carlist plot and various other complications designed to give play to his playful humor. He is assisted by William Blaisdell, who, as a dealer in wild animals, sings some songs and dances expertly; Robert A. Evans, late of the Valentine Stock Company, who makes a fiery Carlist conspirator; William Broderick, as a toreador, ponderous, grotesque, and not particularly well equipped as a singer; Miss Miriam Lawrence, as a Cockney widow; Miss Clara Belle Jerome, in a soubrette role, and last, but not least, Miss Christie MacDonald, whose excellent voice and grace of person captivated the audience. In addition there was the usual chorus of shapely girls, brilliant scenic effects, and catchy music, though regarding the last it would not be well to become enthusiastic, inasmuch as it was painfully barren and frequently reminiscent, while the attempts of Messrs. Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton to give a Spanish tinge to their melodies were more often cheap than bizarre. The lyrics call for no special mention, while the spoken words exhibited no great fund of originality.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's repertoire at the Princess Theater next week will be as follows: Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings and Wednesday matinee "The Joy of Living"; Thursday evening and Saturday matinee, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"; Wednesday and Saturday evenings, "Magda."

A new-comer in vaudeville is Clay Clement, who won distinction in his play, "The New Dominion." Mr. Clement is rated highly both as an actor and author. He has condensed his play called "The Baron's Love Story" into one act, retaining the beautiful unfolding of the charming love story. This is the sketch in which he will appear at Shea's Theater next week. He will be assisted by his wife, who is known on the stage as Miss Kenwyn, and also by another notable actor, Mr. Lloyd. The sketch has been very successful in New York and one or two other cities, and ought to prove a big drawing card for Mr. Shea. As a special extra feature for the week, Mr. Shea has secured the Ten Ichi troupe, magicians from the Orient. There are six or seven Japanese in the act, said to be past masters in their line. Ten Ichi himself allows any person in the audience to tie both his hands together in the most complicated manner, and then right under the eyes of everybody slips a rope or in some other tricky way passes his hands through objects as though they were not tied. Alcide Capitain, who is considered one of the most perfect women on the stage, will give an acrobatic exhibition that is both entertaining and startling. Binns, Binns and Binns will be seen in a comedy musical act with which they have won fame and fortune. Harding and Ahlsid will in a comedy and acrobatic sketch, Mlle. Olive, Lavender and Thomson in something new entitled "A Touch Down," and Eddie Mack, dancer and comedian, complete the bill.

An Innuendo.

Mr. Doode—I have no money, Miss Tompkins, but my intellect is my fortune. Miss Tompkins—Oh, you needn't worry, Mr. Doode. Poverty is no crime.

Paderewski will have to look to his laurels, for Joseph Hofmann, the young pianist, is making a record for himself as a favorite with the women. During a recent concert in St. Petersburg, at which Hofmann was playing to an enraptured audience, a young woman suddenly leaped upon the stage with a laurel wreath in her hand, and, setting it on the head of the pianist, cried in excited Polish: "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, do not applaud." Then she burst into tears, and was carried off the stage, the doctors, who were called in, declaring that she had suddenly gone mad.

"They say, you know, that in Iceland a glass of grog will freeze on the table." "Rather slow drinkers there, I expect."—Judy.



The Temptation of St. Anthony Up to Date.

Church Music in Toronto.

CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH.

THE musical services at the Central Methodist Church may be said to be in a state of transitional development, as Mr. E. R. Doward, the organist and choirmaster, has occupied his position for a short time only, and the full result of his method and ideas will not, of course, be apparent for a few months. It is an open secret, too, that a new and modern organ will shortly be presented to the congregation by Mrs. Walter Massey. The present organ, although a three-manual instrument, is not up to the standard which one would expect in a church of the importance of the Central. It has the old tracker action, and owing to some mysterious complaint that has not yet been diagnosed, it utters doleful groans and squeals from its interior that are extremely disconcerting to the choir and organist. While it has thirty-seven stops, it is badly off for solo registers. The swell organ, it may be noted, was added only a few years ago. The choir has a roll-call of thirty-two members, divided as follows: Sopranos, 14; altos, 6; tenors, 4; and basses, 8. There is also a paid quartette, consisting of Miss Claire Hungerford, soprano; Miss Lillian Kirby, alto; Mr. G. Almond, tenor, and Mr. Charles Bishop, bass. The musical service last Sunday evening was not of an exceptional character, but a fair sample of the selections that are offered on ordinary occasions. The characteristic of the choir singing seemed to me to be a well sustained sweetness of tone rather than volume or power. The tenors might be reinforced with advantage, but as everyone knows there is always a difficulty in securing a sufficient number of these voices to make up a well-balanced church choir. The first number for the choir after the 127th Hymn was Maunders' "Praise God, O Jerusalem," a well constructed and attractive composition. This was sung with good articulation, well preserved metrical accentuation, brightness of effect, and, above all, with most creditable intonation. Miss Hungerford sang the interlude solo, "The Lord is Gracious," with a very musical quality of mezzo tone and with the right kind of expression. The successive leads for alto, bass, tenor and soprano sections which came later, were all taken up with precision and smoothness. The next number was the well-known hymn, "I heard the voice of Jesus say," sung as a solo by Miss Claire Hungerford. This lady's voice cannot be termed a "white" soprano, and its warm color lent increased sympathy to the music. She infused a good deal of simple feeling into this number, without running the risk of being accused of attempting to be ultra-sentimental. In a previous notice I hazarded the opinion that there is no more expressive medium for the interpretation of devotional music of an emotional character than the solo voice, and I expressed surprise that the Church does not avail itself more freely of solo work. I was confirmed in my opinion on hearing later in the service the same hymn sung by the choir. Here the effect was mechanical by comparison with that of the solo voice. During the collection Mr. Doward played a portion of the slow movement of Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor. He was unfortunately not allowed time to complete the excerpt, as the collection was completed sooner than was anticipated. The next number was W. H. Doane's "Hark, I Hear a Whisper," sung by the quartette, with contralto solo. This was very nicely rendered, with tone gradations well blended and a good balance of power. Miss Kirby sang her brief solo with a rich, mellow quality of voice and a sincerity of expression that made it a feature of the number. Miss Kirby, it may be mentioned, has long been recognized as one of the leading contraltos of Toronto, and her presence in the choir of the Central must be a source of strength.

Mr. Doward, the musical director, has had a long and varied experience of church music, both in the Anglican and Methodist bodies. One may expect of him, in consequence, that he will endeavor to develop the musical service of the Central to a much higher plane than is at present possible. He cannot, of course, have a very effective control over his choir with the organ console placed at the back of the singers instead of at the front, as is the modern custom. No doubt when the new organ is built the console will be brought down several feet.

The congregational singing, while not remarkable, is meritorious to this extent, that the singing seems to be fairly unanimous and follows the lead of the organ with evident care. A little more body, a little more vigor in the crescendos and fortes, might be enforced with benefit. There was, however, no nasal droning from the men, which in some old-fashioned churches is so disagreeable a feature of the congregational singing. As usual, there was not a substantial foundation to the singing, owing to the preponderance of the fair sex.

SACRE COEUR (R. C.).

I was surprised on visiting the Church of the Sacred Heart, King street east, at morning mass, to find that the auditorium was filled with French people. It may be news to many of the readers of "Saturday Night" to hear that there is a sufficient number of French-speaking people in this city to make up a congregation of five or six hundred. I heard an excellent male choir here of about twenty voices, but unfortunately for me the setting of the mass was Gregorian. I must admit that the choir sang their unisonal music with plenty of tone and vigor, and also with an adherence to pitch which is not always heard in this style of music. There was a degree of light and shade, too, at various times, that I scarcely expected in the rendering of what to me seems a rather primitive form of singing. It is probable that on special occasions the choir may give a more elaborate service. Protestant choirmasters would probably find a visit to this church afford them some interesting suggestions in regard to unisonal singing.

I find that in some quarters my notice of the Church of the Holy Blossom was misunderstood in one particular. I did not at all mean to convey the impression that all the choir music in the synagogue is of modern origin. On the contrary, some of the tunes are genuinely ancient. But the choir and the organ having been comparatively modern introductions, the majority of the choral music must be necessarily modern either in its melodic foundation or its harmonic arrangement, and often in both.

CHERUBINO.

Over the Wires.

Through kingdoms, republics, 'neath long leagues of ocean,
What messages travel, each night, noon and morn!
Heralds of gladness and heralds of sorrow
Speed on their way, putting distance to scorn.

News from the north—land of forests, wide prairies,
And mountains majestic, crowned grandly with snow,
News from the south, where, o'er scenes bathed in sunshine,
With breath blossom-scented, the light zephyrs blow!

Tidings from lands by prosperity gladdened,
'Neath the wide-spreading wings of the white dove of peace,
Tidings from regions where famine is tyrant,
For the thirsting land yields not its store of increase.

Life's awful tragedies, thrilling catastrophes,
The world's daily pleasures, work, hopes and desires,
Born of all these are the messages darting—
Swift as the lightning's flash, over the wires!
Thornhill, Ont. H. A. H.

Mrs. Aufait—Now, Nora, be very careful of this cut-glass punch-bowl. It cost a mint of money. Nora—Indade, mum! Well, it's rare tough. Sure an' I drapped it three times a'ready, an' niver fazed it.—"Life."

Facts About the Star Theater.

Heavy Financial Interest of the Police Benefit Society—Attitude of the Toronto Press Characteristic of the Performances.

UP to the present time the performances at the Star Theater, while always much talked about in the city, have never been reported by any Toronto newspaper in such a way that the general public might gather a true conception of their character. The other day the following communication was received at this office regarding last week's entertainment at the Temperance street theater:

"As a comparative stranger in Toronto, I have lately been interested to ascertain what this fair city has to offer in the way of amusements. I had been informed that the Star Theater alone of all the city's playhouses was hardly such as to entice one whose taste might be said to have arrived at a reasonable standard of discrimination, but being reassured by the uniformly complimentary references to it in the daily press, I ventured to conclude my tour of the theaters with a visit to the Star. The bill of last week was, I am told, of about average merit, and with this fact in view, I wish to record a few of my impressions without unnecessary comment.

"Arriving at the theater at about eight o'clock, I was surprised to find it already nearly full, and ten minutes later I venture to say there were not ten vacant seats in the whole place. At this early hour, too, the air was fairly blue with tobacco smoke. Those who did not smoke were evidently chewing, for I remember later taking no little consolation from the thought that in case of fire the progress of the flames would be materially stayed by the huge pools of tobacco juice which decorated the floors. A glance at the assembly was suggestive rather of a huge bar-room than a theater, and the absence of cuspidors, or even sawdust on the floors, seemed to leave the balance decidedly in favor of the bar-room. At a few minutes past eight a meagre orchestra crawled out from beneath the stage, and after a rag-time overture the curtain went up and the performance began. And such a performance—I confess myself wholly unable to do it justice. From beginning to end, pretexts for the well-nigh inconceivable actions of the performers were quite beyond me. Females, to whose crude faces paint must have been applied with a whitewash brush, vied with one another in assuming postures whose suggestiveness was quite to the taste of the crowd. The costumes were studies in the art of exposure. Bodies were in nearly every case cut so low as to expose almost the whole of the swelling bosoms of these females, and the one who had gone the greatest length in this respect seemed to secure the special applause of the audience. The 'turn' of a voluptuous creature towards the close of the show is worthy of description. Her entrance was the signal for tumultuous applause, which seemed to presage something unusually rich. Chanting a French ditty, she began amid breathless attention to remove an extremely low-cut bodice, which gave place to one still lower. This, in turn, was laid aside for one of still lower cut. This tantalizing process was continued until the lady had apparently exhausted all she had to offer in this region—and she certainly was most liberal—when a similar operation was begun on her skirts. I refrain from attempting to depict the rapt attention with which the crowd followed her every move until her angelic form could be discerned through a covering of gauze; suffice it to say that even this generous concession failed to satisfy the exacting audience, for a perfect tumult of applause compelled her to bow her acknowledgments again and again. Other instances might be given wherein quite as elaborate processes were unfolded with equal effect upon the audience. When I add that the grand finale, in which a 'nigger' slugger was permitted to effect a knock-out on a white gentleman of the same profession, was the least objectionable feature of the show, you will have an idea of the character of the performance in general."

THIS WEEK'S SHOW.

In view of the criticism offered in the above, a representative of "Saturday Night" was sent to take in the performance at the Star on Monday afternoon. This week's show is billed as "Miss New York, Junior," and consists of a musical sketch entitled "Thirty Minutes at Sea," a farce, "High School Frolics," and a melange of vaudeville specialties. The musical act may be judged, as to the effect it is designed to produce, from the synopsis printed on the theater programmes: "The Misses Giltedge and Van Kamp, following the footsteps of the society leaders, invite a number of their female friends for a sail and engage a yacht. The cruise is to be strictly for ladies, no gentlemen being allowed aboard except the captain and crew. A gentleman, discovering their plans, ships aboard the yacht as able seaman, and the comedy situations are built on the extreme possibilities of what might have happened if this were true." As a matter of fact, there is nothing really improper in the sketch, though the synopsis would naturally lead to anticipations of the reverse. "Thirty Minutes at Sea" is, at worst, coarse and vulgar, but in this it is little, if any, more reprehensible than some things to be seen at higher-priced theaters. It was when the "specialties" were reached that objectionable matter was injected into the show. Marion and Pearl, a team of comedy acrobats, in addition to their clever tumbling and kicking, told a couple of stories and sang a song, the meaning of which could not be misunderstood, and in fact was not misunderstood by the crowd. Robinson and Juniper, dancers and "shooters," recited a couple of verses that excited ribald laughter, and went through a series of motions and sounds on a par with the verses. Colton and Darrow, comedians and singers, were also offenders against well-established proprieties. The "double entendre" of some of their smart sayings would not be tolerated on any other Toronto stage, or in any place frequented by the wives and sisters of the men present. It is, of course, significant as to the character of the performances at the Star that women do not attend this theater, except so rarely and in such small numbers that it may practically be said that the audiences are invariably composed of men and boys. The concluding act of this week's bill, the farce entitled "High School Frolics," was full of vulgarity, and the appeal to the lower tastes of the audience was unceasing. It is not necessary to go into minute particulars to bear out the statements here made, though if required particulars could be furnished from the reporter's notes. No shorthand report of the performance could be printed in any Canadian newspaper without violating the law.

INTERVIEW WITH CHIEF GRASSETT.

"Saturday Night" was the first paper to obtain and print particulars, a couple of years since, as to the then interest of the Toronto Police Mutual Benefit Society in the Star Theater property. An interview was had with Colonel Grasset, chief constable, on Tuesday morning. The chief was asked who are the trustees of the Police Benefit Fund, and in answer said that there are no trustees, that the association is incorporated under Act of the Ontario Legislature, and that its affairs are administered by Inspector Stephen as chairman, Sergeant Seymour, secretary, Colonel Grasset, treasurer, and a committee consisting of a constable from each police division—the proceedings being submitted to the Police Commission. Asked whether the Police Benefit Society are now owners of the Star Theater, Colonel Grasset replied that they had sold the property to Mr. F. W. Stair, the present manager of the theater, taking a mortgage for an unpaid balance of the purchase price, and that Mr. Stair was rapidly reducing the latter. Asked as to the amount of this mortgage, the chief constable declined to answer on the



John Bull to Johnny Canuck—Say, Jack, you mustn't discharge this fellow. I've promised his father that you won't.
Johnny Canuck—Don't you think I ought to be allowed to run the hands in my own shop?

ground that the affairs of the Police Benefit Society were not proper matter of public interest. Asked as to what supervision is exercised over the performances at Toronto theaters, Colonel Grasset said that they were regularly visited by officers, and that the Star Theater was given a call almost nightly by Inspector Hall, in whose division it is located, and that Inspector Hall had never reported the performances to be of an impure character. If anyone wishes to judge as between Inspector Hall's opinion and the general reputation of the theater, it is a simple matter to visit the house and sit through a performance. Here is an opportunity for some clergyman or social reformer looking for something to reform.—Ed.]

THE RECORDS SEARCHED.

As the result of search made at the Registry office, it was found that on the 3rd of July, 1901, the Star Theater property passed from Colonel Grasset, acting on behalf of the Police Mutual Benefit Society, to F. W. Stair, the consideration being \$15,250, of which \$10,250 is secured by mortgage in Colonel Grasset's favor. Since this transaction Mr. F. W. Stair has deeded the property to Della Marie Stair.

DAILY NEWSPAPER REPORTS.

Every daily newspaper in Toronto, with the exception of the "Mail and Empire," publishes the advertisements of the Star Theater amongst their other entertainment announcements. In contrast with the independent comments given above as to last week's and this week's shows at the Star, the reports to be found in the daily press make interesting reading for those who believe that newspapers should not exist merely to draw receipts from advertising. These daily newspaper paragraphs are herewith reproduced in full:

From the "Globe," February 3rd: "A moderately good opening chorus, a fair olio, and an unusually laughable closing farce comprise the 'Miss New York, Jun.' show at the Star this week. The best features of the olio are Robinson and Juniper, a colored couple, who do some original eccentric singing, and Prof. Lawrence Crane, who does tricks with eggs and things. The chorus sings well, and the funny men of the company are in some places really 'funny,' but could be rather more so by leaving out one or two offensively suggestive remarks. These alleged jokes apart, the show provides two and a half hours of fairly good music and laughter."

In regard to last week's disrobing act and other objectionable features, the "Globe" was as mum as a mulligan pot. The only suggestion of condemnatory language in its report of a show that was the talk of the town, was this single sentence: "A little of the dialogue might be left out with advantage to the performance, as also might some of the horse play."

From the "News," February 3rd: "The Star Theater management have provided an amusing performance this week in the 'Miss New York Jr.' burlesque company. The chorus contains much better voices than usual, and the singing is one of the features of the bill. The olio contains some novelties. Robinson and Juniper, a pair of real colored entertainers, have a singing and dancing act, and are probably the best feature of the show. Prof. Lawrence Crane, a rather skillful magician, shows some new tricks that set the house wondering. A clever farce, entitled 'The High School,' brings to a close a show that is easily the best at the theater this season."

From the "World," February 3rd: "Prof. Lawrence Crane, from the Old World, is the headliner of an all-round pleasing olio that is presented by the 'Miss New York Jr.' burlesques at the Star. He is marvelously adept in the art of palming cards, and his tricks in this line kept everyone in amazement. His best feature is his startling leg-remain performance with an egg and a small red bag, done right down among the audience, although it is 'so easy' when he shows how it is done. Crane keeps up a running comment that helps along his 'turn' immensely. Gypsy and Roma are back again with their fantastic allegorical act, with pretty electrical effects. Minnie Granville, billed as the Canadian songbird, has a fine voice and received considerable applause. Robinson and Juniper may not be 'the kings of negro comedy,' but their 'Castle on the Nile' song is capital. Marion and Pearl have an acrobatic comedy act, and Colton and Darrow sing stories about each other. The burlesques presented are about on the usual lines, embracing a lot of singing, dancing and comedy by a chorus that is, however, unusually fair to look upon. The theater was packed to the doors at both performances yesterday, and everybody seemed well satisfied."

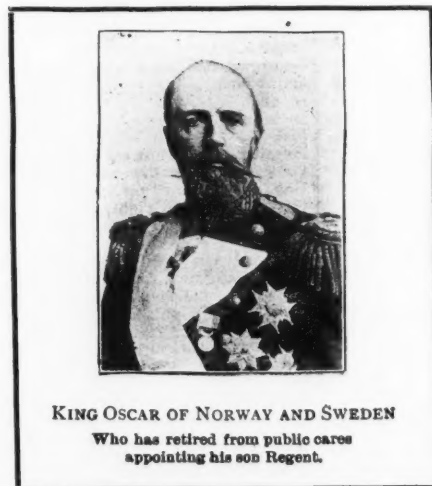
From the "Telegram," February 3rd: "The Miss New York, Jr., burlesque company gives a capital entertainment at the Star this week. There is plenty of comedy, fine singing and dancing, and two laughable burlesques."

How is the public to gather from such reports any inkling of the true character of the performances? How can the reverend editor of the "Globe" and the reforming editor of the "News" square their professions with their conduct in suppressing the facts as to the Star Theater? To the credit of the "Mail and Empire," that paper neither accepts this theater's advertising nor reports its shows, and to the credit of the "Daily Star," while it takes the advertisements

it will not lend itself to the work of noticing the performances. Will Mr. J. S. Willison of the "News" personally visit the Star Theater and investigate for himself? Let him go and take along Brother Macdonald of the "Globe," and then let us see what the moral papers of this town are prepared to do in the premises.

Shall Toronto be a beggar for Libraries?

Shall Canada a weakling be,
With such insipid charity?
Your charity is backward hurled—
Vain pomp and glory of the world!
Riches from cruel oppression grown
But comes to weeds where'er 'tis sown.
JOHN W. CAMPBELL.



KING OSCAR OF NORWAY AND SWEDEN
Who has retired from public career
appointing his son Regent.

The Transformation of Lena.

THE French people generally, and those of the convent in particular, did not know what to make of the little Canadian. Such a melancholy, silent child, and homely—ye Gods! yet with beautiful speaking eyes. So they dressed her in a tight, ugly black dress with a most pathetic drooping berth, and her hair neatly, rigidly drawn back in a net; everything, in fact, to accentuate her looks. She was the most perverse little "diable" of twelve they had ever dealt with, and at the same time everybody's slave; would run up four flights of stairs for them, mark their linen, help make their beds—and all without the slightest misgiving as to its being too much to do. If it came to going for a walk, though, she would tear her dress so that it would have to be mended first, and she would be left behind. The nuns would grow frantic and threaten many dire things, all of which she would accept with exasperating readiness. She hated those walks. There was an old nun, Madame Celest, who loved this perverse, homely being with an adoring love. At the mere mention of Lena's name she would flush with pleasure. Now and again Madame Celest would find violets on her bed, but Lena's manner was as unenthusiastic as ever. Then there was another irritating way she had. She avoided these gay French girls as though she knew how insincere and empty they were, and would go sit with the old sister when she was peeling carrots for dinner (this was when they were out in the country for the summer), sometimes even helping her, though without a word. The girls could not understand how she preferred this society to theirs, and looked down in scorn. Lena never noticed, and next time they wanted anything she would do it meekly.

One night the convent was in a ferment. Lena was missing.

The garden, a large walled-in affair filled with trees and shrubs, was searched. The gate was found unlocked, people went up and down, calling, but without avail. Nuns in deshabille were standing on the stairs, waiting for news. About half-past nine Lena walked in, with eyes aglow and head erect. She walked up the stairs calmly between two rows of angry, gesticulating Frenchwomen. She was much surprised at this exhibition of excitement.

"What, they had been worried? But why? If they only knew where she had been. In the garden, in that big clump of bushes."

"Alone?"
"No," she said, "there had been lots of people there." She was dumb when they questioned her further. She could only say that there had been the music from a band in the village and the full moon had shone down upon her. "Why did they not go to bed?" she asked. Lena was angry.

In a week or two the episode was forgotten. Again they asked her to do things for them, but a surprised, rather stony stare was all they received in return. Lena was changed.

Society at the Capital.

FESTIVITIES in Ottawa at present are of rather a quiet nature, the gaieties being principally in the form of luncheons and small teas, many people probably reserving their larger entertainments until the session begins, to which everyone is looking forward.

Mrs. Lyons Biggar gave two delightful luncheons last week on Tuesday and Thursday, Mrs. O'Reilly of Toronto being one of the guests at the latter. Mrs. Biggar has taken a house on Sandy Hill this winter, and has proved herself a most charming and popular hostess. Mrs. Allan Gilmour was also the hostess at a luncheon last Tuesday, given in honor of Miss Hale of Brantford, who is at present visiting Mrs. Arthur Kohl. Dr. and Mrs. Montzambert gave a most charming dinner on Friday evening in honor of their guests, Mrs. O'Reilly of Toronto and Miss Convent of Montreal. Miss Montzambert has gone to Toronto to pay a short visit. Mrs. B. T. A. Bell was the hostess at a very bright and enjoyable tea on Tuesday, at which Miss Long of Toronto was one of the guests.

Mrs. W. J. Anderson has staying with her Miss Atkin of Toronto, and Miss Hankey of Chicago. Mrs. Anderson entertained at the tea-hour on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Walter Douglas, who is in Ottawa at present visiting her mother, Mrs. Bell. Another very welcome and charming addition to Ottawa society this winter is Miss Sybil Seymour, who with Mrs. Seymour is staying at the Gilmour. Miss Seymour, who has visited in Ottawa before, is a great favorite here. Miss Naomi Temple is also a dainty little visitor from Toronto, who is staying with Mrs. H. K. Egan.

A marriage at which the bride will be a popular Ottawa girl will be that of Miss Maria Macpherson, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Pennington Macpherson, and Mr. James Venn Henderson, which will take place at the Cathedral on the 18th of February. It will be a quiet wedding, owing to the bride's family being in mourning.

Mrs. T. C. Patteson of Toronto and Mrs. Charles MacInnes of Toronto are expected in Ottawa this week, and will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Z. Palmer, Cooper street.

Mrs. Frederick King-tone gave a very enjoyable tea on Thursday—quite a large one—and amongst the guests from out of town were Miss McGivern of Hamilton, Miss Atkin of Toronto, Miss Albro of Halifax, Miss Hale of Brantford, Miss Naomi Temple of Toronto and Miss Hankey of Chicago. Mrs. D. M. Finnie also was the hostess at a very large tea, in honor of her guests, Mrs. Stirling of London, Ont., and Mrs. H. S. McLachlin of Annapolis, at which, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather, all Ottawa's smart set turned out.

Society is looking forward to the entertainment to be given by the talented young English girl, Miss Ethel Henry, on Wednesday evening next. As it will be under the patronage of the Countess of Minto, and as so much has been heard of Miss Henry's successful entertainment in Toronto, Montreal and Quebec, it is safe to predict a large and fashionable audience for her here.

The Countess of Minto, Lady Eileen Elliot and the Countess of Antrim, have been in Washington, and were guests of honor at the Bachelors' ball at the National Rifle Armory on January 28th, which was one of the most brilliant functions of the season. Lady Minto and party arrived at Government House on Thursday.

Saturday's skating and tobogganing parties at Rideau Hall are always looked forward to with great pleasure as one of the most enjoyable events of the week. Unfortunately the mild weather of late has not been conducive to skating, but last Saturday the ice was in good condition and many of the smart set availed themselves of it. On Monday evening some of the bachelors gave a very enjoyable skating party at the Rideau Rink. Lady Minto and a party from Government House were there, and the ice was in very good condition. Every Monday evening there is a skating party at Rideau Rink, and very jolly they are. Lady Minto's skating competition in the near future is being looked forward to with great interest, and I hear a great many are going to enter it.

Ottawa skaters do not take kindly to the style of waltzing practised in Toronto. One of Toronto's prettiest girls who at present is visiting in Ottawa, was at Government House on Saturday, and I understand she is considered one of the Queen City's best skaters. She waltzes with a dip each time, sweeping the ice with her skirts. I hear that that style will not be successful in Lady Minto's skating competition.

Mrs. H. K. Egan is again getting up one of the entertainments in the shape of private theatricals which she has always been so successful in organizing. This year the cast is to be very much the same as last year, those taking part being: Miss Minota Isbester, Miss Ottilie Fellows, Miss Milly White, Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, Mr. R. Lewis, and Mr. Van Lesslie. The performance will take place in the Russell Theater in about a month, and judging by the former successes these actors have made of their parts we feel safe in predicting that they will have a bumper house to greet them.

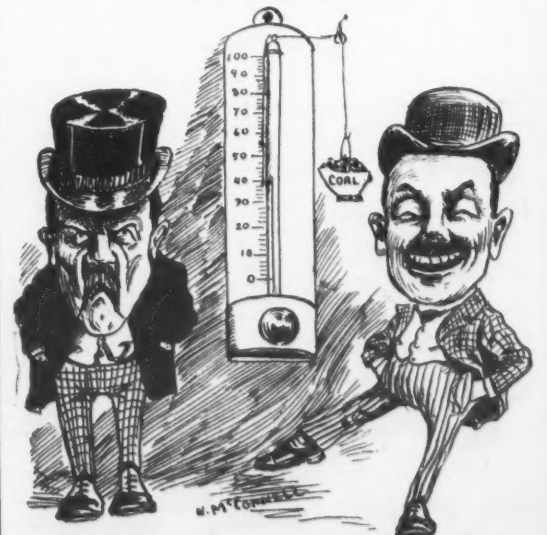
Miss Lola Powell expects to visit Toronto in the near future as the guest of Mrs. Lally McCarthy. Invitations are out for a tea to be given by Mrs. Edward Moore on Wednesday, February 4th. On the same day at St. Alban's Church the wedding will take place of Miss Edith Caddy, daughter of Mr. J. St. Vincent Caddy, C.E., Theodore street, to Mr. Allan Muckelstone of Parry Sound.

Mrs. R. O'Hara of Chatham, and her daughter, Miss Kathleen O'Hara, have come to Ottawa to spend the winter and are "en pension" at 26 Gloucester street. Miss O'Hara paid a short visit to Ottawa for the State Ball two years ago, when she was considered by all to be one of the belles. Miss Meta Dobbs, Mrs. O'Hara's sister, expects to return to Kingston on Saturday, 7th February, after a visit of some weeks with her relatives in Ottawa.

Mrs. Irwin was the hostess at a small tea on Monday afternoon of this week, given in honor of Mrs. O'Reilly of Toronto and Miss Convent of Montreal. Mrs. Irwin will also give a tea on Thursday next for young people, in honor of Miss Kathleen Cassels of Toronto, who is at present paying a visit to Mrs. Glyn Osler, Blackburn avenue. Miss Baird will be another welcome visitor from Toronto this week, as she is expected to arrive in town on Friday to be Mrs. George Perley's guest.

THE CHAPERONE.

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Anecdotal.

The late Dr. Joseph Parker was once arguing with a man on the problem of continued existence, and at the other the friend declared finally: "The fact is, I am an annihilator. I believe that when I die that will be the end of me." "Thank God for that!" exclaimed the doctor, and banged the door.

The following effusion was addressed to the editor of a Southern paper: "Sur an Friend—Do the Carnegie library lend books teechin Matthewmatics, to Outside your Citty? I want Onile Books on Matthewmatics, as I am all right on spellin and am a purty good Grammatician if I do say it Mysel. I kin spell and Grammatician but Matthewmatics is one too Much for Me."

A country vicar discovered not long ago that one of his male servants was in the habit of stealing his potatoes. He mentioned the fact to his curate, and asked advice. "Well," replied the curate, "of course you must remember what the Bible says: 'If any man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.' " "I see," mused the vicar. "Well, in this case, as the man takes my potatoes, I'd better give him the sack!"

When Dr. Lorenz, the distinguished surgeon, received the degree of doctor of laws from Northwestern University he said, in acknowledging the compliment: "I had the degree of imperial royal counselor of the Government from the Emperor Francis Josef. I think I am the worst counselor of government to be found. In receiving this degree of doctor of laws, I am the worst doctor of laws in the world. But it seems now, days that the less a man knows the greater is his degree."

A Pittsburg physician was visited the other day by a very nervous man, who had dropped in to secure medical advice. After a brief examination, the doctor said there was nothing much the matter with his visitor. "Take a tonic and dismiss from your mind all that tends to worry you," concluded the physician. Several months later the patient received a bill for eighteen dollars, together with a polite request to "please remit." This

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is the reply the nervous man made: "Dear Doctor—I have taken a tonic and your advice. Your bill tends to worry me, and so I dismiss it from my mind."

E. S. Willard administered a well-deserved rebuke to some theater-goers of Hartford, Conn., at a matinee the other day, when, just before the last act, many of those occupying boxes and front seats decided that they had divined the climax and rose to leave. The disturbance was marked. Willard stopped suddenly, and, holding up his hand for silence, said: "I have stopped the play in order that those who are desirous of leaving may do so, and leave others to that which is their right—undisturbed attention." Those who were seated applauded, and the disturbers sank into their seats abashed.

Oliver Wendell Phillips, the abolitionist, never permitted a negro slave to wait on him. It is related that one day while in Charleston, S.C., he came late to the dinner-table at his hotel, and when a negro attempted to serve him, he asked: "How long have you been a slave?" "I ain't got no time to talk about dem foolish questions," the slave replied, "wid only five minutes for dinner." Mr. Phillips told the slave to leave the room, that he would not let him serve him at the table, that he would wait on himself. "I can't do dat, suh," said the waiter, "cause I is 'sponsible for de silber on de table, suh!"

The thriftiness of a London shopkeeper is illustrated in a story told of a dry-goods dealer. The merchant was of an excitable temperament, and on hearing his assistant say to a customer, "No, we have not had any for a long time," was unable to contain such an admission. He fixed his eye on the assistant, and said to the customer: "We have plenty in reserve, ma'am, plenty upstairs." The customer looked dazed for a moment, and the shopkeeper did not seem happy when his assistant informed him that the customer was speaking about the weather, and had remarked, "We haven't had any rain lately."

There is a story of a man of seventy who, when he was asked if his father lived to be an old man, replied that his father was upstairs putting his grandfather to bed. There is another setting of this old story—old enough to be new—which is told by the New York "Times" as coming from a Southern senator, who was explaining how healthy his part of the State is: A mountaineer, ninety-two years old, and his wife of ninety were returning from the funeral of their eldest child, who had died at the age of seventy-one. As they discussed their loss in deep grief, the wife said: "I always told you, John, that we should never raise that child."

At a Maine educational convention Rev. Nathaniel Butler, formerly president of Colby College, but at present professor of English literature in the University of Chicago, was down for an address. As he was about to speak, Hon. W. W. Stetson, state superintendent of schools, said to him: "Doctor, is your address like a cat's tail?" "How is that?" asked Dr. Butler. "Why, fur to the end?" replied Mr. Stetson. Dr. Butler smiled appreciatively, but kept silence. He opened his address by saying: "Your superintendent just asked me if my address was to be like a cat's tail—fur to the end. I assure him that it is like a dog's tail—bound to occur."

T. P. O'Connor, speaking of Lord Rosebery's reference to himself as a "male dowerer" and of the story in illustration, of a family known to Mr. Gladstone, where the practice was that the proprietor when he reached a certain period of life, to hand over the estate and mansion to his eldest son and retire into a smaller house, recalls a curious instance in Dublin. There were two houses there, a little and a big one, suggested by a family arrangement, but of a very different nature from that alluded to by Lord Rosebery. The owner of the large house was a physician in large practice, Sir James Murray—whose name, with or without his consent, was given for many years to a magnesia that was supposed to be a cure for all ills. Sir James was a quiet, hard working man, who hated society, but his wife, on the other hand, was a bustling, society-loving woman—fond of parties, routs and the rest. Sir James solved the impossible problem of their living together by building a small house for himself by the side of the big one and living in the one in silence and quiet, while he left his wife to her social carousings in the other.

That Old Pain Again.

Gnawing, Piercing Pains That Almost Make You Scream.

It is your old enemy, rheumatism, come again with the winter to torture you. These pains, remember, are caused by bad blood; you may ease them by rubbing with oil and ointments and lotions, but cannot get rid of them in that way. Rheumatism is caused by bad blood, and the only certain way to drive it out of the system is to enrich your blood by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. There is no case of rheumatism Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not cure if given a fair trial. By making new, rich, red blood and strengthening the nerves they strike at the very root of such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago. We give one case out of thousands to prove the truth of this statement. Mr. A. G. Lacombe, Sorel, Que., says: "For five years I was a victim to the tortures of rheumatism. At times the pains in my knees, shoulders and hips were almost past endurance. Often I could not dress myself without assistance. I tried many remedies, but I never got more than temporary relief until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used together eight boxes, and since taking them I have not had a twinge of the trouble, and I feel better in every way than I did for years before. I would strongly advise every rheumatic sufferer to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial." Remember that only the genuine pills will cure—imitations can't cure, therefore see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is found on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent, postpaid, at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

"Quarumb's wife's a woman of a hundred." "Good Heavens! I did hear she was years older than him."



Love and Letters. Terra Incognita. Behind the Veil.

OFTEN think my good angel must be a postman, for one of the keenest interests and pleasures in my life comes with the morning mail. Sometimes when the little flight of envelopes comes floating through the bronze letter-slit and settles down on the crimson carpet, I don't go and assemble it into my embrace all at once. It may be, as yesterday, a voluminous circular from a face-beautifying dame, offering me some magic lotion for half-price; if I will enclose her the names of half a dozen "leading ladies." Dastardly trick, would it not be? Or, again, as yesterday, the funny little "count" of the provision shop, with its dozens of tiny odds and ends of eatables, or the persuasive picture circular of the jeweler, or the extravagant laudation of the very latest development in cereals. I don't believe I feel quite the same toward my good angel on the first day of the month! But, later on, when perhaps one of the light hoofs airily farthest and turns up a queer foreign stamp, then I drop the paper, or the book, or the pen, and swoop, for the English mail or the German mail always brings dear and precious letters.

To-day it has been a real good angel who has tramped up sixty-three steps to the little home-place with his flight of messages from at home and abroad. There is a comical scrawl from the young man who is making his fortune (in his mind) across the line, and from the one who is restless and says, "I have a hunger for new conditions; and from the wee, old lady, who calls me "well-beloved" in the sweet French of her ancestors; and there are others, but in each there is a heartsome bit to sweeten one's life and soul for the week. And, as I spread them out before me on the blotter, I am fain to pause a moment, and instead of saying my usual "Thank God for the friends I love!" try another acknowledgment, "Thank God for the friends who love me!" For however one may hush one's sentiments and determine to ask and expect nothing emotional, though indulging on the quiet one's "heart" to any extent, "tis sweet and foolish and good to get a pat of friendship and grip of comradeship and a sounding, square kiss of love once in a while.

"We are going to Nassau," announced the beautiful lady the other afternoon to a company of presumably well-informed persons. "Where is Nassau?" asked one. The beautiful lady avowed her ignorance; so did I; so did the hostess, though a few of us agreed that it was a town (not an island, as one remarked), and that one probably went some distance in a boat to reach it, because we had read advertisements. A man who is going or gone there asserted that it was a town, the capital of an island, New Providence by name, but just where or to what the island belonged he would not say, and further advised us not to depend on his description, but look it up ourselves. I find that the man is right, and as perhaps everyone but that group of presumably well-informed persons knows, New Providence is the chief of the Bahamas, and Nassau is a nice town, with a fine harbor and a delicious, salubrious climate (as it well might have, with the Gulf Stream "flowing free" beside it). I am glad I have discovered Nassau, and share the satisfaction of Columbus, who, a trifle of over four hundred years ago, found the Bahamas barring his way to the promised land. Wasn't it rather funny, though, that none of us could quite locate the destination of the beautiful lady and her better-informed spouse? And hadn't "we all" better shut up in regard to "ces Anglairs" who ask us if there is a trolley car between Toronto and Winnipeg?

The bride and the groom stood on the foggy, draughty station platform to bid a last good-by to us ere they took their journey to the great North-West. There was snow and ice on the engine, and the fog oozed, dripped from the eaves of the cars as they rolled into the station, fresh from a colder and stormier belt to the east. The bridegroom rushed to the baggage truck and counted up to ten, glancing here and there at the pile of trunks and satchels. As the young couple climbed into the tourist car, a man in a fur coat handed the groom a small envelope—"Just my wedding present," he said. "Good luck be yours!" and was gone. Curiously we opened the envelope and found "a section in a Pullman ticket and a clean twenty-dollar bill, with a terse command: 'Blow every cent of this for grub!' The groom made a dash after the fur coat, but it had vanished up the nearest stairway. The bride calmly gathered up her satchels and changed from the tourist to the Pullman, with a very grave and thoughtful face. When the groom came back, the tickets in his great fist, he looked at the bride curiously. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes filled. "John," she said, "he's a good man, isn't he?" John sat down beside her with a grunt. "Well, seeing the way you treated him, he is, indeed," he said, shortly. And we, outsiders, felt as if we'd peeped into a trifle of the crookedness of life and love.

LADY GAY.

When the Bishop of Colorado, Dr. Sanford Olmsted, was rector of the Church of St. Asaph at Bala, Pa., his ready wit made him at once the admiration and the fear of the people of the neighborhood. There is a fashionable golf and riding club at Bala, with grounds that adjoin those of the little church, and it happened on a certain afternoon, when Dr. Olmsted was holding a special service, that a number of golfing clubmen were caught in a drenching shower and hurried for shelter into the church. They entered with a great clatter of their golf sticks, and with much suppressed chuckling and hard breathing. Their noise and their gay sporting attire made a jarring note on the simplicity of the service. But Dr. Olmsted paid no heed to them till the end of his sermon. Then he said, with a smile: "We have heard of people who make a cloak of religion. Now we know that there are others who make of religion an umbrella."

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The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not write their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Malam.—It is full of interest and has a good deal of inspiration. Its irregularities are merely the impulses of a thoroughly feminine nature. You are not of an even or phlegmatic temperament, can adapt yourself to circumstances and are generally amiable, sociable and full of expression and vivacity. There is a good deal of natural aptness and cleverness about you. It is not at all a crude study; the thought is consecutive and sense of proportion and justice good. Marked quickness of perception is shown. December is ruled by Sagittarius, a fire sign, and its children are noted for many of the qualities I have enumerated above. As the fire is a beneficent or destructive agency, if controlled or the reverse, you can draw your own conclusions as to the necessity for self-discipline and value.

The Imp.—This is a strong and somewhat self-conscious study, full of energy and decision, and at the same time sensitive to criticism or blame. The subject is a man, and his nature is a bit of an earth sign, the leading one of the three; the other two rule over September and January. The Taurus people are a hearty, jovial, some points and very shaky on others. The will is often developed into obstinacy, but can always be best influenced by gentleness and love. They are often impressed by material things and think over much of show and style. It is hard for the Taurus person to see the sense of a letter, but the doing so transforms and beautifies a noble character. They are impatient of diplomatic or gloated with flattery, but are very much at once their charm and their safety, for they never excel at finesse. I am sure you value hospitality. The natural Taurus person always does, either in receiving it. Your writing suggests slightly a self-seeking tendency. Self in any way should be put out of the Taurus life. It grows too fast there.

Thurms.—And so you're "soon awa' lassie"? Well, here's luck to you on the crossing. You have "the captain's heart," the steward's hand and the steward's eye at all your command. "Blow the gods can do no more for you; the devil can't do very much; you're a bit of a pessimist, but the gods are good for Neptune's buffets. Refinement, grace of thought, love of beauty, bright perception and general culture are shown in your study, which suggests a fine, not incompatible with first youth. You are truthful, frank and a bit of an idealist, conservative, constant and rather decided in a ladylike and gentle way.

Anti-fat.—Sorry I missed you, my good friend, and delighted to know such a healthy specimen can exist without meat. You must be getting through the winter pretty reasonably in spite of the coal grievance. I quite agree with you that it's not usually beneficial for people to leave off meat because the balance of their food isn't nutritious enough. Fruits, nuts and cereals, milk and fish, with occasional game or poultry, are all that is necessary for my case, but what do you make of the Salisbury cure, which I know to have been efficacious in a dozen cases? Your account of your bathing in the lake gave me an attack of bronchitis, or was it the fireless cars that did it? To be sure, old friend, I keep it up, I'm widgey! The cold water pat owes me nothing! A man who can write a hand like yours has my respectful attention at any time.

Esturion.—You are full of courage and trust. Thanks for your good wishes. Same to you! I don't know how you can expect me to tell you if you're a success if you don't tell me what it is. There is ambition and I see also good sequence of ideas, persistence and direct method. Some sentiment, practical notions and not very great power. You are, however, quite undeveloped in some ways.

Janie James.—Here's to you, for a liberal well-wisher. The star hasn't been honored like that ever before. You are a practical, thrifty and sensible person. Conservative and canny, very conscientious and not gifted with much power of expression nor open to the influence of sentiment. You can and do often idealize, and have an oddly any sensible mind. I cannot see much enterprise or inspiration in this study.

Olive.—You are a July child, my little girl, for the June sign only rules until June 22 and then the curious "Cancer," the Crab, wiggles into power. A farmer's wife, are you, and fond of books, music and outdoor exercises? Well, that sounds very sane and wholesome. I never tried living on a farm, but should not fancy it. I like it. One gets so wedded to one's electric and asphalt. Your writing is full of feeling, sensitive and imaginative and frank in expression. You have the optimistic turn, however, and should cultivate it and harden your strength and try by contemplation and reserve to develop the spiritual side of your nature. It is so healthy a remark. "When I do not get out I get blue." That's just my case. A week in the house a fortnight ago put me in a fairly murderous mood.

Willie Boy.—Your delightful letter has just reached me. I commend your enterprise, though you must take to heart the saw about a rolling stone. Lots of us want to roam in the same localities. Your openness to an engagement in any place on earth or any other nice place

is refreshing. I like a broad outlook. I wish you "gluck," and lots of it. Au revoir. Agnes Brock.—There is no redress. Do as I always do. Wait. Sooner or later the Lord will deliver them into your hand, to slap or cast aside carelessly. It's never any use bothering to hunt down and punish a slanderer. With your fine traits you scarcely should need this advice, nor need a warning against the eager friend who wants you to act in what my experience and observation assure me is a foolish manner. Wait—only wait, and forget what you're waiting for, lest the constant thought sour your sweet nature. I know you have one, by your good lines. Danny.—Yes, I've read the book. It doesn't appeal to me. Perhaps I am too conventional and matter-of-fact. I adored Bob son of battle, but Danny—ah, well, his end and his folk were an uncomfortable lot, and his end was cheap and unworthy. Humans like Danny are those wearisome misunderstood folk who are always bearing a cross and toting a grievance and flying off the handle.

The Englishman's Rasher.

FROM the tight little English island, via an editorial in the London "Daily Express," comes startling dietetic news. It is nothing less than that in the very citadel of Beefeaterdom, in the very vortex whence annually descend innumerable rashers and countless companioning eggs, a doubt has arisen whether "copious breakfasts of fried eggs and broiled bacon" (as Thackeray puts it), followed by two or three solid meat meals every day, is quite the proper thing. Our British friends, it appears, have at last begun to wonder whether emulation of John Ridd, in the matter of morning menu, is conducive to agile minds and a light and springy step. They are actually beginning to fear, 'tis said, that they eat too often, too much, and the wrong thing.

The "Express" finds text for its sober little sermon on over-eating in the report of the United States consul at Liverpool, which states that the English importations of bacon from America annually amount in value to ten millions of pounds sterling; and that much of this pork is absorbed by the British breakfaster. "On the whole," says the "Express," naively, "this is not a fact to be exulted in." It goes even further, and admits that there is a "kernel of truth" in the foreign accusation against Englishmen of living mainly upon chops and steaks, Brussels sprouts and turnip-tops. "The eternal breakfast bacon," the "Express" continues, "is one striking instance of the shocking lack of variety in food, which may, with some truth, be alleged against England." This dietetic monotony it attributes, first, to "want of imagination" (to which we unanimously agree), and, second, to "railway rates" (which statement seems obscure).

But however "shocking" may be the lack of variety in food at English tables, still more of a shocker is the redundancy in quantity of meat. Fifty millions of dollars' worth of breakfast bacon!—not to mention eggs, fried or omelette. "Do we eat too much meat?" and in conclusion declares for answer that "it is very doubtful whether the English habit of three meals is a sound one either for health or business." For the English business man, it says, not only partakes copiously of bacon and eggs in the morning, but refuses to forego a substantial allowance of meat for lunch, and tackles a goodly chunk of Old England's roast beef for dinner. We quite agree with the "Express" that he is thereby "handicapped."

Among the carnivorous mammals, the North American certainly ranks low in the list in comparison with his voracious British brother, especially since we, in this country, have been assailed and taken prisoner by the innumerable army of breakfast cereals; while they, in Britain, are but just now fronting the attack.

Appropos of cereal foods, we note that another English paper, the "Daily Mail," speaks of the "many and wonderful" varieties of cereal foods of late intro-

duced by "divers advertisements, somewhat to the bewilderment of the public;" and that it also announces, in an editorial, its plans for a series of practical articles by an "athlete and brainworker" on the "bewildering" new comestibles. "That the public may be guided in its choice by competent authority," says the "Mail," with great solemnity. "Mr. Eustace Miles has undertaken an heroic experiment." "An heroic experiment!" We sincerely trust that Eustace will survive the fourteen "new foods" which he proposes to test, one each day, during a fortnight.

But surely 'tis a long, long step for the British citizen from greasy fried eggs and greasier fried pork, to a light cereal breakfast. Perhaps, if he get through this successfully, he and all of us may later learn to listen heedfully to the wise words of the revered Edward Hooker Dewey, M.D., the original No Breakfast Plan man—a person who strenuously contends that only he who omits the morning meal has really mastered "the true science of living." And perhaps he's right.

Briggs—Did you meet any attractive people on the steamer? Griggs—Oh, yes. Why, I was seasick all the way over with a most charming blonde.—"Town Topics."

Osteopathy.

JOHN ARTHUR E. REESOR, D.O.

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

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Windsor

Here and there is a grocer who doesn't sell Windsor Salt, but such cases are rare. No grocer anywhere can possibly buy a better salt than Windsor, in its great purity, whiteness, dryness. Ask your grocer why he doesn't sell it.

Salt

Best grocers sell it

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO.

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE...ALES

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Amanda's Cake.

"CAKE, dear?" said Amanda, with a veiled eagerness which aroused my suspicions; and her hand shook as she laboriously hacked out for me a generous slice. Also the cake had, to my mind, an unusual appearance. It was flatter than most cakes, with a curious depression in the middle; its complexion was brunoise—almost negro—though it did its best to hide the fact under a heavy powdering of sugar. Even my masculine mind realized that this cake was not as other cakes.

"I hope it is nice?" said Amanda. "I haven't tasted it yet," I answered cautiously; and I bit a piece out of my slice, and laid the rest of it hastily down. My suspicions took a definite and terrible form. I had no ground at all for supposing that my wife wished to poison me, but—"Amanda," said I sternly, "what is this?"

"It is a cake that I have made myself!" said Amanda, flushed and beaming.

I gasped, and was silent. "I saw in 'Home Chirps,'" Amanda continued blithely, "that home-made cakes are much better and much cheaper than bought cakes, so I thought I would try. It is quite easy. I shall always make them at home now! Of course this one may not be quite right—"

She was waiting to be contradicted. I answered guardedly that it was not absolutely like a shop cake.

"Oh, well, it is the first I ever made, you see," said Amanda. "And 'Home Chirps' says that a little practice is the only thing necessary."

"It is a little—gritty," said I, hunting for the least offensive word. "Oh, that is entirely my fault, then!" Amanda assured me cheerfully. "Home Chirps" did say that the currants should be washed, but it hardly seemed worth while. I can do it another time, though."

"It seems rather hard on the outside, too," I remarked, trying vainly to make an impression on the adamant crust.

"Yes, I did burn it a little," Amanda admitted. "But I hoped that you would not notice. I burnt my hand too—look!"

"Amanda," I cried hastily, "that settles the question. I cannot have your pretty hands spoiled."

"I don't mind a bit—for you, dear," said Amanda. "It is quite reward enough for me to see you enjoying something I have made. Won't you have some more? Why, you haven't finished your first piece! Oh, Lawrence, don't you like my cake?"

"I appreciate your kind thought immensely, darling," said I. "But—" "But not my cake?" cried Amanda, on the brink of tears.

"I suppose the fact is, that I have got used to shop cakes," I said desperately. "But I shall be able to make them better than any shop—with a little practice," Amanda persisted. "Why shouldn't I? It's only just eggs and sugar and butter—why shouldn't I be able to mix them just as well as a cook in a shop?"

I held my tongue, and stared at the depression in the middle of the cake.

"The fact is, you don't think I am clever enough to make a cake!" cried Amanda tempestuously; and she helped herself to a large slice with ostentation.

Shortly afterwards I felt bound to remark that we had made it a rule not to feed Carlo at meal-times.

"I shall not stay here to be insulted by my own husband!" said Amanda, rising in her wrath. "But I don't care in the least. I shall just go on practicing, till even you own that I can make a cake as good as any shop!" And so swept out of the room, and left me forlorn and hopeless.

There was no knowing how this new development might end. Visions of underdone mutton and leaden pastry rose before my mind's eye, and filled me with exceeding horror. Something must be done to avert the impending tragedy.

Seized with a sudden inspiration I glanced hurriedly at the clock, and snatched up my hat. It was still early; I had a clear two hours before dinner.

I went to Madame Fleurette's establishment for the first and I fervently hope, the last time. To a mere man, not conspicuously brave, it is a place of terror: my dreams will be haunted to my dying day by the air and demeanor of the imposing personage who demanded my pleasure at the door, and the icy manners and French accent of the young damsel to whose tender mercies I was finally handed over. She seemed to have a difficulty in understanding what I wanted, or in believing in my sanity when she did understand. She persisted in trying to convince me that I wanted the finished production, and not the raw material; she seemed hurt, and even offended, to find that I knew my own mind and meant to have what I asked for. Finally she gave in, and supplied me with my demands in a huge paste-board box, at an appalling price. Worn out, but triumphant, I drove home in a hansom, stole into the house unseen of Amanda, and locked myself into my den.

It was an Herculean task. Never in my life have I done a harder day's work: never again shall I be able to complain of the cost of Madame Fleurette's confecting, knowing, as I do by personal experience, the vast amount of labor they entail. I will confess frankly that, even in the end, it was not an unequalled success; but it was certainly quaint and unique, and Amanda is never likely to have anything in the least like it again. I tied it up securely in its box, and marched boldly into the drawing-room.

She had not forgiven me. It was hardly to have been expected. She sat stiff and upright by the window, with her eyes glued to her book, and would neither look nor speak.

"I have brought you something," I said tentatively.

"Oh!" said Amanda, without looking up.

I put the box before her. "You said the other day something about wanting a new hat," I remarked meekly.

Amanda struggled vainly with her pride. Then she observed in an off-hand way that it was really very sweet of me, and cut the string. There was a moment's awful pause.

"What—is—this?" said Amanda faintly, holding it out at arm's length.

I replied boldly: "It is a hat. I have trimmed it myself."

"A hat—that you have trimmed!" Amanda turned it over and burst into hysterical laughter.

"I don't know what you are laughing at," I remarked stiffly.

"Oh, Lawrence, it's too funny for words!" gasped Amanda. "Look at the feather! Look at the seven little roses

all in a row! And don't you see that you've made the bent part the back, when it ought to be the front?"

"Do you mean to imply that I can't trim a hat?" I enquired, in a tone of deep offence. "Why shouldn't I be able to do it just as well as Madame Fleurette? It's only straw and flowers and ribbon."

There was a dead silence. Amanda had stopped laughing.

"The fact is," I continued bitterly, "I suppose you think I'm not clever enough to trim a hat! I intend to trim all your hats in future. Home-trimmed hats are both cheaper and better than the bought kind. With a little practice—"

My remarks became incoherent, and then ceased abruptly, for the excellent reason that both Amanda's hands were over my mouth. "Lawrence," she observed very softly in my ear, "shall we go out now and buy a real good cake at the best confectioner's? We have just time before dinner."

"All right," I responded amiably; "and then you might as well go on to Fleurette's and see about a hat. I won't go in with you, but I'll wait any reasonable length of time outside."—"Punch."

Cutting Teeth.

A Trying Time to Both Baby and Mother.

There is no time when baby requires more attention than during the teething period. At that time the little one is always cross and fretful, subject to stomach disorders and sometimes convulsions. Often mothers are absolutely worn out caring for baby, and the whole household is in a condition of anxiety. This condition can be easily remedied by the use of Baby's Own Tablets, which cool the sour little stomach, allay the inflammation of the gums and give the little one healthy, natural sleep. A mother's word can always be depended upon where the health of her little ones is concerned, and thousands of mothers praise this medicine. Mrs. R. L. McFarlane, Bristol, Que., says: "In my estimation, Baby's Own Tablets have no equal as a medicine for children. They are invaluable at the teething period, and I would not be without them, as they keep my baby healthy and happy."

The Tablets relieve all the minor ailments of little ones, are guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing stuff," and may be given with absolute safety to a new-born babe. Sold at 25 cents a box by all druggists, or sent, postpaid, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

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"Oh, Lawrence, it's too funny for words!" gasped Amanda. "Look at the feather! Look at the seven little roses

Jumping at a Conclusion.
(But not far out).

Patient—I feel so worn out, doctor.
Doctor—Ah!—overwork, I suppose? Let me look at your tongue.

sume they have been safely delivered.

I have received to-day, per carrier, a parcel containing various letters which I have written to you from time to time. No doubt it was your intention to despatch the complete number written by me, but I notice one dated August 21 is not included. Will you kindly forward the letter in question by return, when I will send you a full receipt?

Yours faithfully,
John Green.

VII.
January 6, 1900.

To Miss Smythe: Madam—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of yesterday, and note your object in retaining my letter of August 21 last. As I intend to defend the issue in the case, I shall do as you request, and will leave all further communications to be made through my solicitors.

Yours, etc.,
John Green.

VIII.
15 Peace Court, Temple, E.C.
Messrs. Bang, Crash & Co.,
8a, Quarrel Row, E. C.

Smythe—We are in receipt of your communication of yesterday's date, with which you enclose copy of letter dated August 21. We note that you state the document in question has been duly stamped at Somerset House, and are writing our client this evening with a view to offering your client terms, through you, to stay the proceedings which have been commenced.

Yours faithfully,
Blithers, Blathers, Blothers & Co.

IX.
The Widower—A Study in Natural History.

THE WIDOWER—This interesting bird, concerning whose habits little that is authoritative has been written, is believed by ornithologists to belong to the Phoenix family (manibus eay consilubus) because it has the power to rise from its ashes in resplendent plumage and renewed youth.

The Widower is a migratory bird, and at intervals makes its appearance in every community, but so greatly is it esteemed as a household pet, and so keen is the pursuit after it, that it rarely escapes the net of the fowler for long, and few of the species are to be seen at large.

In appearance the Widower is what may be called interesting rather than beautiful, though it varies greatly at different ages. When it is young it has a sad and melancholy air, and utters plaintive notes that make every female who hears it long to console it. But this sorrowful swan song lasts only during the first few months. After that it grows chirpy and chipper, and blithely carols a merry roundelay that greatly resembles "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

The plumage of the Widower is also worthy of note, for it has the peculiar, chameleon-like quality of changing under different conditions. During captivity it almost invariably wears a garb of sombre hue unfashionable in cut, and frequently conspicuously unprepared and unkempt.

The moment, however, it becomes free this strange bird blossoms forth in a beautiful and gorgeous coat of lively hues that is calculated to catch the eye from a distance; but as soon as it is again caught and caged it molts its feathers and resumes its unattractive appearance.

No one has ever been able to account for this idiosyncrasy, but the phenomenon of the Widower doing his lightning change act into a butterfly, or back into a grub, may be witnessed daily. This peculiarity, unfortunately, often causes great disappointment to the owners, as not infrequently a female goes to great trouble to capture a Widower, thinking it a Bird of Paradise, only to discover when she has got it home that it is nothing but a scavenger. Thus, from this simple circumstance, does nature teach us not to buy a bird by its looks.

Concerning the anatomy of the Widower ornithologists differ greatly, though all agree that it is All Heart. Some authorities contend, however, that this organ, in size and shape, is like an omnibus, while others hold that it is of the elasticity and durability of a football. It is interesting to observe that some of the most earnest and painstaking investigators along this line of scientific research are women, and we may confidently look for valuable light to be thrown on the subject in the near future.

The chief characteristic of the Widower is, as has been stated, its ability to arise from the ashes of the funeral pyre—as long as it is its wife's funeral—with renewed youth. Reputable eye-witnesses declare that they have seen one of these birds, drooping, with dragged tail feathers, and one leg swathed in red flannel bandages for rheumatism, suddenly metamorphosed into a giddy young thing that could dance the waltz-step and stay up all night, and that looked like a two-year-old. It has also been observed that the oftener the Widower arises from the ashes the younger it becomes, until after about the third rejuvenation nothing but a debutante is young enough to attract its attention.

In its habits the Widower is a curious combination of the fly bird and the barnyard fowl, for while its giddy flights are interesting it is admirable because it knows how to scratch for a living. It has, too, generally a well-lined nest, instead of having to build one.

In a way the Widower has something

of the predatory characteristics of the hawk, and knows that the only way to get a thing is to take it, and this causes it to often pounce upon the most charming young pullet in the bunch and bear her away, under the very eyes of her chaperon. On the whole, though, it conducts its love-making after the manner of the nightingale, and sings a song of such surpassing sweetness that no heart can resist it.

There are many reasons why women should have a great fondness for Widowers, and a desire to possess one. It is always much more comfortable to have a thoroughly trained pet about the house than one that one has to domesticate themselves.

A Widower's first owner has always taken the edge off of it and taught it little tricks, and it knows when to pipe up, and when to sit on his perch and keep mum, all of which render it a most desirable ornament for the parlor or boudoir.

Inasmuch as the Widower has once been caught in the matrimonial trap, it has been argued that it showed lack of intelligence in allowing itself to be snared a second time. The truth seems to be, however, that after having once had its wings clipped, it does not know what to do with freedom, and so returns to the cage through force of habit.

DOROTHY DIX.

HE DIDN'T USE SLANG.

"SHE is the limit," said the young woman.

"What a beastly expression," remarked the man. "Where in the world do you hear such things? You have no barroom acquaintances that I know of."

"What would you suggest instead?" asked the petulant woman. "I suppose I got that from my brother. He uses a miserable lot of slang, and it is so forcible. If you can suggest anything that will do instead, I'll accept your amendment thankfully."

"You might say 'she is impossible,'" suggested the man, gravely.

"I believe 'impossible' is slangy, if it isn't slang. It was never used in grandmother's day, and that is a pretty sure indication that it is not good English, for I have it from grandmother herself that slang was not known in her generation."

"They talked all right, then," said the man, regretfully. "You can see that when you go to a play the scene of which is laid a century or so ago. The women of to-day have no vocabulary at all. I hear them saying 'to beat the band,' and 'not on your life,' and 'he is the limit,' and a dozen like expressions, and it shocks me to a standstill. The other day my dignified married sister told me quite seriously that she had 'shipped her cook,' and a little later I heard her tell her husband that they would have to 'sing for their breakfast.' I hope she would not talk so before any but her nearest and dearest, but one can never tell what a woman is going to do in this emancipated age."

"Singing for their breakfast" was not bad. That is pure Mother Goose, which is almost as respectable as being pure Shakespearean. Sometimes, however, my limitations in regard to language do worry me. This is generally when one of my proper friends has been to call on me and has talked book English. One

came the other day who had such words as 'supinely' and 'cursorily' falling trippingly from her tongue. After she had gone I went into the library and had a seance with the unabridged dictionary—excuse 'seance,' for that is really what it was. I learned some beautiful words in an hour, and quite patched up my damaged vocabulary. I am waiting to try my new acquisitions on some one worth while, and that is why you note no improvement in me."

"Oh, fudge! I did not intend to roast you into this state of humility," said the man. "It is not natural, and it is not pleasant. You are a good child, as a usual thing, and anyone who would make you feel bad is a tough 'un. I beg your pardon, my dear Alphonse, not once, but many times. What I want to know is, where you learn these expressions. Certainly not in the drawing-room, where any man who used them would be made to go away back and sit down. I suppose you must, then, pick them up when you roll your little hoop on the street, and I'm ashamed that you should be so easily contaminated. I don't kick at much, but I do draw the line at slang, you may bet your last cent on that."

And the woman only smiled a mysterious smile.

INSIST ON
Abbey'sThicken up
Your Blood
for winter.

Our winters will shock the hardest of constitutions unless fortified with such a tonic laxative as "Abbey's." Do you feel that every wind that blows chills you to the very marrow? You need "Abbey's" to thicken up the blood—it is a fruit salt that eradicates impurities—promotes regular action of the bowels—stimulates circulation—tones the nerves—paints everlasting health roses on the cheek—try it.

Ask your Druggist for

Abbey's
Effervescent
Salt—

It Stands for Quality

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea on a sealed lead packet is the public safeguard against irresponsible substitutes that are often pushed by your grocer for the sake of the increased profit gained on their sale.

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came the other day who had such words as 'supinely' and 'cursorily' falling trippingly from her tongue. After she had gone I went into the library and had a seance with the unabridged dictionary—excuse 'seance,' for that is really what it was. I learned some beautiful words in an hour, and quite patched up my damaged vocabulary. I am waiting to try my new acquisitions on some one worth while, and that is why you note no improvement in me."

"Oh, fudge! I did not intend to roast you into this state of humility," said the man. "It is not natural, and it is not pleasant. You are a good child, as a usual thing, and anyone who would make you feel bad is a tough 'un. I beg your pardon, my dear Alphonse, not once, but many times. What I want to know is, where you learn these expressions. Certainly not in the drawing-room, where any man who used them would be made to go away back and sit down. I suppose you must, then, pick them up when you roll your little hoop on the street, and I'm ashamed that you should be so easily contaminated. I don't kick at much, but I do draw the line at slang, you may bet your last cent on that."

And the woman only smiled a mysterious smile.

Why He Died.

HE was a tramp compositor, down on his luck, and he had not had a square meal for a fortnight. In desperation he applied for work on a fashion magazine, and was taken on. The copy with which he was furnished read something like this:

"Turtle green with garnitures of lemon white lace and champagne-colored velvet constituted the lovely gown we have illustrated above."

"Brown bread is a fashionable color in crepe, and harmonizes well with butter-colored lace."

"A gown of tomato red was delightfully contrasted with lettuce-green velvet and oyster-white applique."

"Vegetable silk braid is one of the new trimmings."

"A charming breakfast-gown is shown in beet-red cashmere."

"Egg-blue and melon-green are delightful new tints."

"Claret silk makes a charming blouse."

"All shades of brown are popular, including chocolate, chestnut and filbert, and the biscuit shades are also prominent."

"A coffee-colored dinner gown had sleeves of cream mousseline in soufflé style."

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tifs of pistache velvet were introduced for contrast. Crushed strawberry has given way to the grape shades, and mulberry to bonbon pink.

"Tobacco is one of the most becoming shades of brown."

His fellow-printers noticed that he acted strangely and groaned at times, but before they became aware of the seriousness of the case he fell to the floor and expired. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "acute dyspepsia, superinduced by overeating."



MME. ALBANI seems to retain a firm hold in the affections of the people of Toronto, judging by the enthusiastic reception she was given by a large representative audience at Massey Hall on Friday evening of last week. She was associated with a company of accomplished English artists, so that the concert was a success in every way. Although Mme. Albani made her professional debut so long ago as 1870, her vocal powers have been remarkably preserved. I was present at the Grand Opera House in 1883, on the occasion of her first appearance in Toronto, when she sang the role of Lucia in Donizetti's opera to an auditorium that was packed with the fashion and culture of the city. As much as four dollars was cheerfully paid for the best seats in the house. Some years after—in 1890—she appeared here in "La Traviata," and I heard her also in opera at Covent Garden, London, Eng., in Wagner's "Meistersinger," when her associates were Jean de Reszke and Lasalle. Mme. Albani is the sole Canadian vocalist who has made a great name both in England and Germany, and the fact, taken in conjunction with her untarnished character as a woman, has no doubt much to do with the continuance of the popularity she enjoys in her native land. Looking back and contrasting her singing on Friday night with her previous efforts both here and in London, I cannot say that I noticed any falling off in the artistic manner in which she manages her voice, in the beauty and smoothness of her cantilena, or in the musicality of her interpretations. With one exception she showed great judgment in passing over dangerous points, and that exception was in attempting a long shake, with the result that the intervals were perceptibly wider than they should have been, to say nothing of a deterioration of tone. Her first number, "L'Amore," from Mozart's little-known cantata, "Il Re Pastore," illustrated conspicuously her art in cantabile and the purity of her phrasing. Her reading was, moreover, marked with that symmetry that Mozart's arias demand, and it may be added that Mme. Albani was always a felicitous exponent of Mozart's music. To the several recalls she received Mme. Albani responded with Braghi's "Angel's Serenade," in which she sang with rare expression. In both these numbers the violin obligato part was played by Mme. Beatrice Langley. Later in the evening the prima donna contributed two songs by Wilbey, Massenet's "L'Estase de la Vierge," and as an encore number a brilliant waltz song by Ardit, the last of which showed her to the least advantage. Mme. Langley, who made her second appearance in Toronto on this occasion, played the violin part in the first movement of Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," a romance by Ries, a mazurka by Ambrosio, Schubert's "Ave Maria" (concerto), in addition to the obligato. She played with that breadth and clearness of tone and ease of technique expected from one of the most talented pupils of Herr Wilhelmj. The "Kreutzer Sonata" movement introduced as her associate at the piano Miss Adela Verne, a most brilliant performer and artist. The composition is an exacting one for both players, but it was rendered with great spirit and with genuine classic character. Miss Verne subsequently played three pieces for the harp, which by Scarlatti, which in her hands were beautiful examples of old-style, dainty, precise and clear-cut playing. Miss Verne has a fine range of tonal resources, and her touch is elastic, with much variety of nuance. Her technique met all the demands made upon it. Miss Katherine Jones, a debutante from England, was not so diffident that she could conceal a warm colored contralto voice in Bohm's "Calm as the Night" and Lawson's arrangement of "Lezzie Lissie." One expects to hear more of Miss Jones in the future. Mr. Albert Archdeacon, who sang some time ago here with the Westminster Choir party, made one of the hits of the evening with "Off to Philadelphia." He has an excellent baritone, and is one of the most satisfactory singers that the Westminster party has introduced to the Toronto public. The English harpist, Mr. Cheshire, proved again his mastery of the instrument in a transcription of Wagner's "Star of Eve," and although the tones of the harp are perhaps too evanescent for so large an auditorium as that of the Massey Hall, he was well received and his selections much applauded. Mr. Frank Watkins acted as accompanist to the satisfaction of the artists. The concert was very enjoyable, a variety of tastes being appealed to in the selections. The attention of the audience was somewhat distracted from the "Kreutzer Sonata" by late arrivals.

According to Mr. Maurice Gray, Mme. Patti will make a farewell tour of America this year. She is to sing at sixty concerts, for which she is to receive the miserable sum of \$5,000 each, or \$300,000 in all. Montreal and Toronto will be the only Canadian cities in which she will appear. Transportation is to be furnished for her and a suite of six persons, and she is to have a private car for her husband and herself and their servants. As planned, the tour will open in New York on November 3.

A lady of Palestine recently published a souvenir representing the children of Israel by the waters of Babylon, the trees hung with harps, cellos, French horns, trombones (which, by the way, are cellos) and cymbals. London "Truth," commenting upon the souvenir, says: "It is curious how a misanthropist in the old version of the British Bible should have mislaid a born Hebrew. The prisoners of Babylon hunged no harps on the willows, for those despondent trees would not have borne the weight. The instrument was the 'kinnor,' which the late Professor Stainer, in writing for that certainly not flippant authority, the 'Sunday School Teachers' Bible,' described as a guitar; but which assuredly had little in common with the romantic instrument to which Rizzio warbled his improprieties to the Queen of Scots. Indeed the 'kinnor' more nearly resembled the modern banjo. It will be perfectly obvious that the unwieldy harp could not have been very popular

with the Hebrews, either in their wanderings or in their captivity, although the Old Testament revisers have very pardonably shrunk from the bathos 'And we hanged our banjos upon the willows.'"

To criticize the music of the "Toreador," the musical comedy now running at the Princess Theater, would be like venting one's rage upon "unrestrainedly." The songs and choruses are the weakest and most banal stuff yet perpetrated by the composers, Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. The latter is capable of doing better work, as witness his contributions to the "Geisha." As to the orchestration as played by the band of the theater, it is horribly vulgar.

The two concerts to be given in Massey Hall on the evenings of the 11th and 12th (next Wednesday and Thursday) will be the most important musical events of the year, if considered jointly from an artistic and educational point of view. The public will have an opportunity of hearing not only the finest choir in Canada, but also, thanks to the enterprise of the society, one of the finest orchestras in America. The plan of seats opens to the general public this (Saturday) morning, and will remain open till the evenings of the concerts. Notwithstanding the phenomenally large list of subscribers, there still remain a considerable number of first-class seats for non-subscribers. The soloists are, for the first evening, M. Luigi von Kunits, violinist, and Mr. George Hamlin, tenor, the former the gifted concert-master of the orchestra and the latter a tenor who has been pronounced by many of the leading critics of the United States to be possessed of the finest tenor voice and the best style of any singer on the concert platform on this side of the Atlantic. The purely orchestral works to be rendered under Mr. Herbert's direction embrace some of the finest compositions in the repertoire of orchestral music, including Elgar's splendid "Cockaigne" overture, Schubert's B Minor Symphony, Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," suite, and Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries," Beethoven's "Leonore" (No. 3) overture, two movements from Tchaikowski's "Pathetic" symphony, and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," the last-named three works being for the second evening's concert.

There was not a large audience at the annual concert of the Ladies' Choral Club on Thursday evening of last week in Association Hall, probably on account of the rival attraction of Mrs. Langtry at the Princess Theater. The occasion marked the retirement from the concert platform of Miss Nora Hillary, who has been conductor of the club for twelve seasons. In the old days of the seventies, when solo singers were scarce in this city, Miss Hillary did loyal and excellent work in the cause of both sacred and secular music, and in more recent years she has given many delightful concerts as directress of the Ladies' Club. One may presume, however, that her services will not be lost to the art, as she will no doubt continue her private teaching. Miss Hillary bade good-by to the public in a setting of Moore's "Farewell," which she sang with much of her old-time charm. The principal number of the evening was Wilfrid Bendall's cantata, "The Lady of Shalott," which was introduced here by Miss Hillary and her Ladies' Club in 1892. It is a tuneful work, although slight in structure. The ladies sang it very creditably indeed. A noteworthy number was Tchaikowski's "Farewell Ye Hills," from his "Jeanne d'Arc." Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams of Taunton, Mass., was the solo vocalist, and sang several songs sweetly and with finish of style. Miss MacBrien, the well-known pianist, contributed the Liszt transcription of Schubert's "Erl King" and Rubinstein's "Barcarole," with her accustomed distinction of style and execution.

The Women's Musical Club, an organization under the presidency of Mrs. Dickson, gave a most successful musicale on Saturday afternoon in the Temple Building, in honor of Mrs. Sanford Evans, the founder of the club. A choice programme consisting of compositions by Arensky, Dvorak, Liszt, Handel, Chopin, Bach, Sapellinkoff and Rubinstein was supplied by Mrs. A. D. Cartwright, Miss MacBrien, Miss Florence Marshall, Miss Katherine Birnie, Miss Kate Archer, Mr. David Ross and Mrs. Sanford Evans. With such a representation of brilliant Canadian talent, the music was rendered in a manner that gave the large gathering of about six hundred ladies and gentlemen a most delightful treat. Refreshments were served after the music, and Mrs. Dickson officiated as hostess with her usual tact and kindness.

The recital at the Toronto College of Music last Saturday afternoon was given by piano, organ and vocal students from the intermediate grade. The programme numbers were as follows: Piano: Schubert, "Impromptu," No. 4; Kathleen LeRoy, Chopin, "Nocturne," Op. 9, No. 2; Mamie Murray; Beethoven, "Sonata Pathetique," Esther Graham; Grieg, "Anitra's Tanz," and Tchaikowski, "Chant Sans Paroles," Edith Smith; Beethoven, "Sonata," No. 1, Ella Uren; Singing, "Frühlingsrauschen," Almira Harris; Mozart, "Sonata," in C, two movements, Ethel Hutchins; Organ: Stern, "Postlude," Kathleen Cameron; Calkin, "Andante," and Rineck, "Maestoso," Mabel Burke; Vocal: "Grecian Dream of Paradise," Ella Uren; Adams, "The Children of the City," Jennie Smith, "The Wide, Wide Sea," Ada MacFarlane.

The Boston "Sunday Herald" of January 25 has the following to Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, the famous contralto, who gives ten recitals in Canada this month under Mr. Jones' direction: "Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, in her recital yesterday, showed great dramatic temperament, and her voice is remarkable, not only for intense sympathy, but for its depth and varied quality."

Mr. Harold Jarvis of Detroit, tenor, and Miss Helen Erick of Detroit, entertainer, left for Winnipeg on Monday, where they give ten recitals under the direction of Mr. W. Spencer Jones of Brockville. They appear at Winnipeg on the 4th and 5th, Portage la Prairie on the 6th, Brandon on the 9th, Virden on the 10th, Brandon (second concert) on the 11th, Neepawa on the 12th, Fort William on the 16th, and Sudbury on the 18th.

A short organ recital will be given in St.

Simon's Church on Sunday after the evening service by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, assisted by Mr. Allan C. Fairweather, tenor, and Mr. Rutherford, violinist.

The programme of the song recital to be given by Miss H. Elythe Hill, mezzo-contralto, on Saturday evening, 7th inst., in the theater of the Normal School promises a very interesting performance. Miss Hill will be assisted by Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist, Mr. Henry P. Blackey, reader, Mr. Frank Blachford, violinist, and Mrs. H. M. Blight, accompanist. The recital will be under the patronage of Miss Mowat, Lady Kirkpatrick, Hon. G. W. Ross, Senator and Mr. George A. Cox, Senator and Mrs. Melvin Jones, Hon. R. and Mrs. Harcourt, Hon. J. R. and Mrs. Stratton, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher, and his Worship the Mayor.

A large and appreciative audience greeted the Toronto Harmony Club and the Institute Glee Club last Monday evening in Association Hall, on the occasion of their annual concert. The musical director was Mr. Ernest R. Bowles, and the programme included choruses of mixed voices by the Toronto Harmony Club and male choruses by the Institute Glee Club. Mr. Paul Hahn delighted the audience with selections on the violin, and Mrs. Mildred Walker, a soprano whose beautiful rich voice filled the hall with melody, sang "Esmeralda" and "I Love You." Both of these artists were enthusiastically encored, and Mr. J. Alexander, whose readings and recitations were rendered with his usual skill, was also repeatedly recalled. The "Soldiers' Chorus," from "Faust," accompanied on the piano by Mrs. James Wright, was the opening number by the Toronto Harmony Club, and was well rendered. Of the unaccompanied work by the Harmony Club, the following were particularly well received by the audience and heartily encored: "Softly the Moonlight" and "O, My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose." Special mention must be made also of the "Good Night Chorus" from "Erminie," which was beautifully rendered. The Institute Glee Club made a decided "hit" with the male chorus, "Mammy's Lil' Boy," which called forth applause. The character of the chorus work gave evidence of careful training and Mr. Bowles is to be congratulated on the success attained. The Toronto Harmony Club, the male portion of which is known as the Institute Glee Club, expect to take up some new work shortly. The concert is to be repeated for the benefit of the patients at the Queen street asylum. CHERUBINO.

Among the Millet.

The dew is gleaming in the grass,
The morning hours are seven;
And I am fain to watch you pass,
Ye soft white clouds of heaven.
Ye stray and gather, part and fold;
The wind alone can tame you;
I think of what in time of old
The poets loved to name you.
They called you sheep, the sky your lord,
The shepherd wind your keeper.

Your sweetest poets I will deem
The men of old for moulding.
In simple beauty, such a dream,
And I could be beholding.
Where daisies in the meadow toss,
The wind alone can tame you;
For ever shepherd you across
The shining field of heaven.

—Archibald Lamont.

The Coming Century.

A writer for the London "Outlook" has been amusing himself and his readers by a long glimpse into the future, and made a record, in the form of a diary or news report, of events supposed to occur in the year 2002. As will be seen, his imagination is of a scientific order, and his mind under the spell of modern inventions. A gentleman, he says, recently undertook to walk on his electric boots through the passenger tunnel from Dover to Calais within an hour. He accomplished the feat in something over fifty-nine minutes. The daring man arrived in a comatose condition, the last quarter of the distance having been accomplished by the boots alone. A curious accident happened to a gentleman in Kensington yesterday. He was wearing one of his usual supply of the well-known nine-pence brown-paper overcoats. The tails of the coat caught fire in the street, and the garment was burned to the waist, where the fire-proof impregnation took effect. No doubt some careless workman had omitted to dip the tails of the coat.

The other day the government inspector found that the nine-year-old son of a Mr. Brown was one inch short of the standard height. He was accordingly put in the electric elongator. But unfortunately he was forgotten, and when taken out was found to have been stretched to six feet. He is now in a very weak state, and some time must elapse before he can be subjected to the contractor's treatment. Mr. Electrisinus Smith was married to Miss Algebra Jones on Tuesday. The happy couple started immediately after the ceremony in a three-roomed aeroplane for the Brazil.

He got Up.

There is a keen knowledge of human nature in the following bit of fun from the Lewiston "Journal," but no more than might be expected from a downtown tavern-keeper who has had a long experience with autumnal sportsmen, of whom many are called, but few get up. A mighty hunter from Boston recently "put up" at a quaint little Maine hostelry, and left word in the office that he wished to be called at half-past four in the morning. Sharp at that time the next morning came a thundering rap at his door.

"All right! I'll be down in a minute!" called a muffled voice from under the quilt. "You get up here now, and sign this receipt!" commanded Uncle Cy. "Receipt!" What receipt? demanded a very wide-awake voice, and the bed squeaked loudly. "Well," grunted Uncle Cy, "I don't calkulate to have ye bumping down to the office at eight o'clock, declaring that ye ain't been called!"

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1 Ermine Stone, with mink tail trimmings, was \$75, for..... \$50
Imperial Muff to match, was \$35, for..... \$27.50
1 Plain Ermine Stone, long, was \$100, for..... \$75
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1 Flat Chinchilla Stone, \$65, for..... \$50
Muff to match, \$45, for..... \$30

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Social and Personal.

At Glen Lodge, Rosedale, the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. J. Cleland Hamilton, on Saturday, January 31, Miss Seena Hamilton, Ph.D., was married to Dr. Hans Pringsheim, late of Heidelberg, Germany. The long drawing-room was beautifully decorated with roses and green for the marriage ceremony. Rev. John Neil officiated, assisted by the bride's father, Professor Edward Hamilton of Syracuse, N.Y. Miss May Hamilton was bridesmaid, and Mr. E. W. Hamilton of Buffalo, N.Y., was best man. The ushers were Messrs. W. Walter Hamilton, W. Gregg Patterson, Maurice Darling and Norman Jarvis. The bride entered the room with her father. She was beautifully gowned in embroidered mousseline de soie, and Lohengrin's "Wedding Song," exquisitely rendered by Miss Mildred Stewart, ushered her in, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis playing the accompaniment. A nuptial prayer composed by Mrs. Jarvis was also sung. After the ceremony congratulations were received and a sheaf of cable and telegrams read. The guests, led by Dr. and Mrs. Pringsheim, adjourned to the dining-room, where refreshments were served. The happy young people left on a honeymoon in the South. They will eventually reside in Syracuse, N.Y., where Dr. Pringsheim is engaged in scientific research. Among those present were Mrs. Edward Hamilton of Syracuse, N.Y., Mrs. Christopher Patterson, Mrs. Ravenshaw of London, Eng., Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, the Misses Jarvis, Mrs. T. C. Jones of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. Gunther, Miss Gunther, Mr. Ernest Gunther, Lieutenant Simon of Berlin, Germany, Dr. and Mrs. Lash Miller, Miss Dallas, Mr. and Mrs. Turner Wilson, Rev. J. McE. Duncan, Miss Isabel Reid, Mrs. J. G. Scott, Miss Elliot, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jarvis, Mrs. Hutchings, Miss Field, Mrs. W. Gregg, Mr. Alfred Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, Miss Adrien Jarvis, Miss Gillespie, Mrs. John Michie, the Misses Michie, Dr. J. C. Patterson of Buffalo, N.Y., Mrs. John Neil, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. George, the Misses George.

Mrs. W. Morgan Floyd (nee Bigger) will be at home on the first and third Fridays at 60 Trunby avenue.

Mrs. S. F. McKinnon gave a very pleasant tea last week for her new niece, Mrs. J. McKinnon (nee Sintzel), the lovely Hamilton girl who came down a bride to Toronto last year.

The "Arts At Home," as the tickets called it, given by the officers and members of the Literary and Scientific Society of University College, was a jolly affair of last evening.

Trinity Conversat, is an event dear to the hearts and traditions of Trinity's friends, and will be next Tuesday's best social engagement.

Crowded audiences are promised for the two stunner concerts to be given by the Mendelssohn Choir and the Pittsburgh Orchestra, with genial Victor Herbert conducting the latter and our own musically conductor, Mr. Vogt, in charge of the Choir. Box parties and supper parties are on for both nights, and next Wednesday and Thursday will add another couple of sprigs to the laurels of Herr Vogt and his singers.

On Thursday evening the High Park Golf Club gave their annual dance in the Masonic Hall, Parkdale. It occurred too late for a report, which I hope to give next week.

The Provincial Secretary and Mrs. Stratton gave a pleasant supper and party on Thursday night at the Asylum, on the occasion of the dance given to the nurses and inmates. A smart coterie went out with the Minister and his pretty wife.

At half-past eight on the evening of February 26, at Conservatory Music Hall, Miss Dora Rowand will make her first appearance as a professional elocutionist before a public audience. She has been an earnest student for some time under the best guidance, and has a most expressive and handsome face, and much grace of gesture, beside being persona grata with a large and influential section of society. With these advantages her success is practically secured.

On last Sunday, Albani paid a little visit to Mrs. Rowand, whose daughter is one of the diva's friends in England. The gentle invalid much enjoyed a chat with the Canadian singer, and loving messages were sent by her to the dear ones across the sea, which Albani gladly promised to deliver. On her last visit to Toronto Madame Albani could not see Mrs. Rowand, owing to her illness, but last Sunday she was more fortunate.

Miss Rosamund Boulton sails for Genoa on the "Commonwealth" to-day, from Boston.

The Hon. Emily Kinnaird and Miss Edge went to Montreal the beginning of this week. They were guests at Mrs. Ridout's tea last Saturday. I hear they are returning to Toronto some time soon.

Mrs. Zeb Lash gave a pleasant tea on Wednesday, and is giving a young folks' dance on Thursday week at her residence, Grenville street.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wilson of Parkdale gave a seven-hand euchre in honor of Mrs. Coutlee of Ottawa on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Greene is giving a card party at Ravenwood next week to a number of friends.

Mr. Strathly of Orillia is in town this week as arbitrator in the Patriarche-Orillia case.

Dr. Yates of Montreal was in town on Wednesday, and was a very welcome guest at Lady Kirkpatrick's tea on that afternoon.

The good stork has brought a son and heir to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Macpherson. The small boy came on the "best day of all," last Wednesday.

Lady Kirkpatrick, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mrs. Oaker, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Waldie and Mrs. G. E. Foster are the patronesses of a musicale to be given under the direction



of Mr. Paul Hahn by the Rosedale Art League, in Rosedale School, on Monday evening, February 16. The assisting artists will be Mr. Arthur Blight, Miss Cora Larke, Miss Lillian Burns, Miss Helena Mitchell and Mr. Hahn.

Mrs. Hood of Spadina avenue gave a pretty tea on Wednesday, at which Miss Benson of Port Hope, Miss Wallbridge, Miss Frances Heron and Miss Porter assisted.

Mrs. Harry Brock's only little one has been ill, and the departure for the South of its grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Cavthra, has been postponed.

Mrs. Leo Frankel of Gloucester street will receive on the second Monday of each month for the rest of the season.

Mrs. Harry Hay and her children are at 250 Jarvis street for the winter. Mrs. Hay has rented her house, 66 St. George street.

Many hearty congratulations are being sent to Miss Verna Smith as being the latest "cup" at the New York Hospital.

Mrs. W. J. McNally of 250 Major street will not receive for some time, owing to severe illness.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Rolph of Glen Rouge, Markham, to the Rev. S. A. Laurence, rector, of Markham.

Mrs. James Robinson of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. Lachlan McKellar, 95 Winchester street.

Mrs. J. D. Brown of North Ontario street will receive on the first and third Fridays of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Perse, who have returned from Ottawa, are at present residing at 494 Church street, where Mrs. Perse will receive on the second and third Wednesdays of this month.

Mrs. Baines of Simcoe street entertained delightfully on Thursday last at seven-hand euchre. The hostess received in a pale gray robe, and was assisted by her nieces, the Misses Doris and Alice Baines. Dainty prizes were won by Mrs. Villie Baines, Mrs. Hood, Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mrs. Frank Morgan and Mrs. Aylesworth. Others present were Mrs. J. J. Foy, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Burritt, Mrs. Wade of Winnipeg, Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, Mrs. Christopher Baines, Mrs. Stuart Heath, Mrs. Fraser, the Misses Harris, and Mrs. Watt.

Mrs. Worthington gave a very pleasant tea one afternoon this week for her sister, Miss Macbeth, who has been visiting friends in town, and is now with Mrs. Worthington for, I hear, a long visit.

Mr. Rudyard Boulton is in town this week. Miss Gertrude Bridgland is visiting Mrs. J. F. Ross. Mrs. Ramsay is in London visiting her aunt, Miss Meredith. Miss Kathleen Cassels is visiting Mrs. Glynn Osler in Ottawa. Mrs. Roddy Pringle of Cobourg is visiting Mrs. Shoenerberger, who gave a bridge party in her honor on Monday.

The patronesses of Trinity conversat, are Miss Mowat, Mrs. Robinson of Beverley House, Mrs. Rigby, Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh, Miss Strachan, Mrs. Brock, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Nicholls, Mrs. Pellett and Mrs. Elmes Henderson.

Mrs. J. Ephraim Elliott and Master Leighton have gone south. Mrs. Melbourne Oliver was suddenly ordered to Guelph this week, though he did not expect to leave before April.

Mr. Douglas Macdonald of New York has been in town at Carlton Lodge with his people in their sad bereavement.

The Misses Denison of Rusholme had a number of young friends at a very jolly dance on Wednesday evening. The visit of their guest, Miss Bishop, was the raison d'être of the pleasant affair.

The Halton Old Boys' Association give an At Home on Tuesday, February 17, in the Temple Building. A concert and "dancing at 10.30" are on the programme. The honorary presidents of the association are Mr. S. F. McKinnon, Mr. D. D. Mann, Mr. John Waldie, Mr. Robert Laidlaw, Mr. Duncan Robertson, Dr. J. B. Willmott, Rev. Joseph Unsworth, Mr. William Laidlaw, K.C., and Mr. William McCabe, LL.B.

Sunday Evening Lectures.

Another interesting series of Sunday evening lectures, under the general title of "Religion in Literature and Life," is announced to be given in the Unitarian Church, Jarvis street. They will begin next Sunday, when Professor McCurdy will speak on the "Prophecy of Israel." This will be followed on successive Sunday evenings by Principal Hutcheon, on "Greek Virtues and Theories of Life;" Professor Coleman on "Evolution and

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Religion;" Professor Alexander, on "Tennyson's 'In Memoriam'—a Struggle Toward Faith," and Rev. J. T. Sunderland, on "What the Churches of Toronto Have in Common, and Might Do for the Higher Life of the City."

A Strong Progressive Company.

The annual report of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Company shows a gratifying record. As appears from the data furnished in another column the total income for the year ending 31st December, 1902, less rebates on cancellations, was \$308,746.27, showing an increase of nearly \$95,000 over the year 1901. After deducting all re-insurance, the company's net income amounted to \$232,294.26. The handsome balance of \$51,635.32 is carried forward to profit and loss account as the result of the year's operations. The total balance now at credit of this account has reached \$106,854.60. For a young company these figures represent a most encouraging state of affairs. The Board of Directors elected for the ensuing year is a strong and representative body of business men. Mr. S. F. McKinnon is president; Mr. John J. Long vice-president, and the other directors are: Messrs. A. A. Allan, John R. Barber, Dr. George H. Bowley, A. B. Canningham, H. P. Eckardt, John Platt, W. J. Gage, John Knox, R. Millicamp, J. N. Shenstone, Dr. U. M. Stanley, Hugh Waddell, and Emil Nerlich.

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Reserved Seats—\$1.50, \$1.00 and 75c.

Religion in Literature and Life.

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES at 7, in the UNITARIAN CHURCH, JARVIS STREET, near Wilton Avenue, as follows:

February 8—The Prophecy of Israel. PROF. F. S. J. McCURDY. February 15—Greek Virtues and Theories of Life. PRINCIPAL MAURICE HUTTON. February 22—Evolution and Religion. PROFESSOR A. P. COLEMAN. March 1—Tennyson's "In Memoriam": A Struggle Toward Faith. PROFESSOR W. J. ALEXANDER. March 8—What the Churches of Toronto Have in Common, and Might Do Together for the Higher Life of the City. REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

ALL SEATS FREE

On Sunday morning, February 8, at 11, Rev. Mr. Sunderland will speak on "The Brahmo Samaj in India."

For Unitarian Literature (free) address—"Secretary P.O. Mission, 445 Manning Ave."

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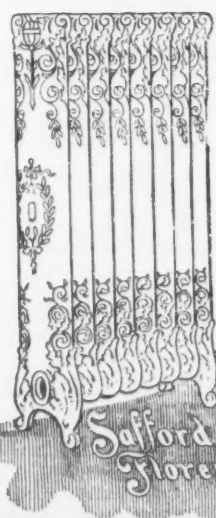
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ANGLO-AMERICAN Fire Insurance Company.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of Shareholders of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Co. was held at the Head Office of the Company, McKinnon Building, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 3rd day of February, 1903.

The President, Mr. S. F. McKinnon having taken the chair, Mr. Armstrong Dean, General Manager, was requested to act as secretary to the meeting.

After reading the notice convening the meeting, the Secretary read the following Directors' Report and Financial Statement:

Your Directors have pleasure in presenting their fourth annual report and the financial statement of the Company's business for the year ending 31st December, 1902, which is duly certified by the auditors.

The Premium income for the year ending 31st December, 1902, less rebates for cancellations, is \$303,716.58

Interest on the Company's investments, 5,029.69

Total income, 308,746.27

Showing an increase of income over the year 1901 of \$94,869.58.

The Company's net income for the year 1902, after deducting all reinsurance, amounts to \$232,294.26.

You will note the outstanding unpaid losses at the 31st December amounted to the small sum of \$1,755.00. These losses occurred during the last days of December, and were unadjusted.

Result of the workings of the year shows that after paying all losses, charges and expenses, and writing off the balance of our organization expenses in full, 10 per cent. off our office furniture and Goad's Plans, and paying Dividend No. 1 at rate of 7 per cent. per annum, we carry the handsome balance of \$51,635.32 forward to profit and loss account, making the balance now standing at credit of this account \$106,854.60.

Your Directors have much pleasure in expressing their appreciation of the faithful manner in which the Manager, Office Staff, General Agents and Representatives of the Company have discharged their duties during the past year.

We cannot close this report without referring to the great loss we have sustained by the death of Mr. John Gowans, one of your most esteemed Directors, who has acted in this capacity since the inception of the Company.

Your Directors all retire, but are eligible for re-election.

S. F. McKINNON,
President.

Financial Statement for Year Ending 31st December, 1902.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premium Income	\$334,873.01
Less Rebates for Cancellation	31,158.43
Interest account	5,029.69
Total	\$308,746.27
Fire Losses for year paid (net)	\$9,228.13
Fire Losses under adjustment	\$1,755.00
Less Reinsurance	50.00
Total	\$10,933.13
Paid for Reinsurance	76,452.01
Dividend No. 1	5,961.20
Commission and other charges, including Government Fees, License and Taxes, 33-1-3 per cent. off Organization Expenses, being balance in full of same, and all Books, Stationery, etc., and 10 per cent. off Office Furniture, including Goad's Maps	73,764.61
Balance	\$1,635.32
Total	\$308,746.27

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Balance from 1901	\$55,219.32
Balance from Revenue Account	51,635.32
Total	\$106,854.60
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid in	\$1,750.00
Surplus Accounts and Reinsurance	9,310.84
Losses under adjustment at 31st December, 1902, of which \$50.00 is Reinsured	1,755.00
Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss Account	106,854.60
Total	\$299,700.44
ASSETS.	
Cash on hand and in Moneys Bank	\$123,443.96
Bonds and Debentures deposited with Dominion Government	54,399.29
Accrued Interest on above	621.63
Agents' Balances and other accounts	24,068.00
Office Furniture, including Goad's Maps	7,177.67
Total	\$299,700.44

SECURITY FOR POLICY-HOLDERS.

Subscribed Capital:	
Paid on Stock	\$1,750.00
Balance to Pay on Stock	388,320.00
Total	\$390,070.00
Balance from Profit and Loss Account	106,854.60
Total	\$496,924.60

ARMSTRONG DEAN,
General Manager.

To the President, Directors, and Shareholders of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Company:
Gentlemen,—We, the undersigned, having examined the Vouchers, checked the Bank Balances, and audited the Books of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Company for the year ending 31st December, 1902, certify that we have found them correct, and that the Annexed Balance Sheet is a true statement as at above date.

J. P. LANGLEY,
RICHARD LEE,
Auditors.

Toronto, 27th January, 1903.

Mr. McKinnon, President.—In rising to move the adoption of the report of the Directors for the year ending 31st December, 1902, I feel it is unnecessary for me to say very much.

It is always a pleasure to meet the Shareholders with a good statement. I think you will agree with me that the report is a very satisfactory one, and that we are making steady progress in the right direction. In common with other companies, we have shared in the light fire losses that have occurred throughout the Dominion, especially the latter half of the year.

The report of the Directors and Financial Statement, now in your hands for approval and adoption, or otherwise, shows a very considerable increase in the volume of business written, as also in premium income.

This being our fourth annual meeting, it may not be out of place to go back to the year of our inception, and compare the increases made year by year.

1899, the year we commenced business, was only a broken period of about seven months.

In 1899 the net premium income was \$54,242.98
In 1900 the net premium income was 133,877.73
In 1901 the net premium income was 210,193.54
In 1902 the net premium income was 303,716.58

The premium income for the year 1902, as compared with 1901, without taking into account reinsurance, shows an increase of \$94,869.58. The loss ratio to premium income, 44 41-100 per cent., as also the expenses for conducting the business to premium income, 22 91-100 per cent., both of which show a favorable reduction over previous years.

Organization expenses have now been entirely written off, and therefore for the future will be eliminated from our accounts.

After paying off all losses, expenses of conducting the business, writing off ten per cent. on furniture, Goad's Plans, and dividend of 7 per cent. for the year 1901, we carry to the credit of Profit and Loss for the year, \$51,635.32.

Turning to the Assets side of the statement, you will find them in a very satisfactory condition, nearly all in what is usually known as liquid form, or immediately available.

The security for Policy-holders now stands:
Capital paid in \$1,750.00
Unfilled subscribed capital 388,320.00
Credit to Profit and Loss Account 106,854.60

Making in all \$496,924.60

The Anglo-American is now writing policies from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but in the Dominion of Canada only.

This is indeed a growing time in Canada. It is very gratifying to know that prosperity still prevails in all parts of the Dominion. All branches of trade and commerce, banking, etc., are flourishing; farmers are well-to-do, and contented; labor is plentiful for those willing to work, and wages are good. Emigration to our country is increasing largely. Some one has said we are soon to become a nation. I am not inclined to dispute it.

I do not like to prophesy, but if I did, I should say there is a great future for the Anglo-American, especially if managed on the same vigorous and conservative lines as in the past. The Anglo-American policy when issued or becomes a claim, is as good as gold.

The statement "Canada for the Canadians," or "Made in Canada," is as applicable to fire insurance as to steel rails or rolls of carpet. If we are to have Canada for the Canadians, let us have it in fire insurances, as well as in other lines. Why pay tribute to other countries for what we can supply as well at home?

Our board, as well as the Executive Committee, comprises gentlemen of large experience in manufacturing, banking, shipbuilding, mercantile, marine and other pursuits, and although I have been, and now am, on many boards, I

find that none give the same careful scrutiny to all matters of detail as that of the Anglo-American.

Reference has been made in the report to the death, which occurred in July last, of our esteemed colleague, Mr. John Gowans, one of the foremost merchants of this city, of strict integrity and high honor. His counsel and advice will be much missed by this Company. The vacancy thus caused on the board was not filled by your Directors for the balance of the term.

I cannot close without stating that we owe much of our success to the untiring care and attention to details of our Manager, Mr. Dean, who has been so ably aided by our efficient office staff.

I now have great pleasure in moving the adoption of the Report and Financial Statement, which will be seconded by the Vice-President, Mr. Long.

Mr. John J. Long, Vice-President.—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—It affords me much pleasure to second the motion of the President for the adoption of the report of the Directors, the Financial Statement, and Auditors' Report of the business of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1902.

I think it unnecessary to add anything to the very appropriate remarks of the President, but may say that when the business of a company or an individual is prospering satisfactorily, as I am happy to say the business of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Co. is, the adoption of such a report and financial statement as we have before us must, without a word of comment or commendation, be most pleasing to the Shareholders, and assuring to all concerned.

Our expectations of the growth and continuous success of the business of the Company, I am thankful to say, are being constantly realized. The income of the Company for 1902 was more than 44 per cent. greater than that of 1901. The proportion of working expenses to income in 1901 was 23.66 per cent., while in 1902 it was 22.91 per cent. The loss ratio in 1901 was 48.38 per cent., in 1902 it was 44.41 per cent.

To the prosperity of Canada, to which the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Co. confines its business, and to the great care constantly exercised by the Agents, the Manager, the Inspectors, and the Directors in the selection and acceptance of risks, this improvement is mostly due.

To the loyal co-operation of the office staff, the agents throughout Canada, and inspectors, with the well-directed efforts of our excellent Manager, Mr. Dean, the satisfactory growth and results of the business of the Company are chiefly due.

The prospects of the Company for the year we are entering upon are bright, and I confidently hope the results for 1903 will be most satisfactory.

The following gentlemen were elected as directors for the ensuing year:

PRESIDENT.	S. F. McKINNON, ESQ. (S. F. McKinnon & Co., Toronto.)
VICE-PRESIDENT.	JOHN J. LONG, ESQ. (The T. Long & Brother Co., Collingwood).
JOHN R. BARBER, ESQ.	Messrs. A. A. Allan & Co., Toronto
DR. GEORGE H. BOWLEY,	Pres. Toronto Paper Co., of Cornwall, Georgetown
A. B. CUNNINGHAM, ESQ., Barrister	Berlin
H. P. ECKARDT, ESQ.,	Messrs. H. P. Eckardt & Co., Kingston
JOHN FLETT, ESQ., Flett, Lowndes & Co., Limited	Toronto
W. J. GAGE, ESQ.,	The W. J. Gage Co., Limited, Toronto
JOHN KNOX, ESQ., Messrs. Knox, Morgan, & Co.,	Toronto
R. MILLICAMP, ESQ., Messrs. Millicamp, Coyle and Co.,	Hamilton
J. N. SHENSTONE, ESQ., Sec.-Treas. Massey-Harris Co., Limited,	Toronto
DR. URIAH M. STANLEY,	Brantford
HUGH WADDELL, ESQ.,	Peterborough
EMIL NERLICH, ESQ., Messrs. Nerlich & Co.,	Toronto

Albani Queen of Song.

Her Wonderful Successful Canadian Tour
—A Canadian Artist Ever Proud of Canadian Enterprise.

Quite aside from the eminent position of the greatest artist, she has ever held by Madame Albani, as one of the won the largest admiration of her own Canadian people because of her genuine loyalty to Canada. In all her great successes in European countries and before crowned heads she has remembered her native country, and in some respects there is no one who has done more to make Canada well and favorably known in important foreign circles than this very talented Canadian.

But it is as one of the greatest sopranos of the day that Albani has won a warm place in the hearts of all music-loving people the world over. Once in every few years she returns to Canada. This season our people have again been favored with her splendidly-organized concert company. Starting at Halifax, then leaving the Maritime Provinces and coming to her own native Quebec, and again to Toronto, Hamilton, London, she has been greeted with large and enthusiastic audiences, and peans of praise have been showered upon her at every point.

In Montreal it is said that so crowded was her audience that the authorities had to be called in to prevent a violation of the public hall by-law. In Massey Hall, here, she sang before one of the largest and most fashionable audiences that has gathered in that auditorium. She rose equal to every occasion demanded by her programmes, and encore after encore was insisted upon. Hardly anything could have been more appropriate as the encore after her regular closing number in Massey Hall, and when she had been presented with an immense basket of flowers, principally roses, than to come forward again and sing in her own sweet, inimitable way "The Last Rose of Summer." Then, as though never tiring to follow this with a second encore, though the hour was drawing well on towards 11 o'clock, singing with equal effectiveness and grace an old Scotch ballad.

Albani was assisted by talent of an exceptionally high order in Madame Beatrice Langley, violinist; Mr. John Chesire, the harpist; Miss Katherine Jones, contralto, Mr. Archdeacon, recently with the Coronation Choir, and Miss Adela Verne, a pianist of remarkable ability.

Physically small of stature and by no means robust looking, it was marvelous how Miss Verne, who has been described as the greatest woman pianist in the world, rendered some of the most difficult selections of Beethoven, Chopin and other great artists. Her playing is such as will place her among the first pianists of the many great pianists who have visited Canada in recent years. A critic of the daily papers has said: "She is an artist to the finger-tips, her shading is musically, her sympathies broad and deep, and her technique extraordinary."

As with Hyllested, Friedheim, Jonas, Burnmeister and others, she had the advantage of using the famous Concert Grand piano of the old firm of Heintzman & Co., which ever, in the completest manner, equals the demands made upon it by the greatest artists. Albani, with her interest in everything Canadian, has insisted in all her Canadian tours, at all times, in using one of these beautiful Canadian-made instruments. She is proud as a Canadian to know that in her own country is made a piano that she has very frankly declared herself—quoting her own words—"exceeds any piano I have ever used." Her experience is large enough to make this opinion of the greatest value. This piano has always met the requirements of any programme of the most cultured concert company. Mr. Watkins, the clever and effective accompanist of the Albani company, found in this instrument just the peculiar qualities needed, whether accompanying Albani herself, the contralto or baritone of the company, or the violinist or harpist in their beautiful selections.

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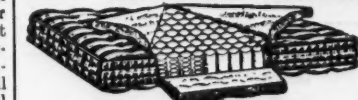
The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
Macpherson—Feb. 4, Toronto, Mrs. Alexander Macpherson, a son.
Stevenson—Feb. 3, Niagara Falls South, Mrs. Alan F. Stevenson, a son.
Moffat—Jan. 31, Toronto, Mrs. Frederica M. Moffat, a daughter.
Chisholm—Feb. 1, Toronto, Mrs. C. Chisholm, a daughter.
Roshier—Jan. 30, Stafford, Eng., Mrs. Noel B. Roshier, a daughter.
Hall—Feb. 1, Toronto, Mrs. Chas. C. Hall, a son.
Danby—Jan. 31, Toronto, Mrs. F. G. Danby, a son.
McFadyen—Jan. 23, Toronto, Mrs. (Prof.) McFadyen, a daughter.

Marriages.
Bowen—Oster—Jan. 29, Toronto, Bertram H. Bowen to Ellen Pickton, Robert F. Scott to Mary Thom.
Monkhouse—Belcher—Feb. 2, Toronto, Geoffrey Monkhouse to Delilah Augusta Belcher.
Adams—Stanhope—Jan. 27, Toronto, Chas. E. Adams to Ella T. Stanhope.
Allen—Harding—Jan. 28, Guelph, Alfred E. Harding to Alice Gertrude Allen.
Black—Wright—Feb. 3, Toronto, William Black to Margaret Edgar Wright.

Deaths.
Marriott—Feb. 3, Toronto, Francis Marriott, aged 89 years.
McIlwraith—Jan. 31, Hamilton, Thomas McIlwraith, aged 78 years.
Maughan—Jan. 31, Toronto, Mrs. Charlotte Smith Maughan, aged 42 years.
Belcher—Jan. 29, Toronto Junction, Owen Alfred Belcher, aged 7 years.
White—Jan. 28, Kleinberg, Thomas White, aged 103 years.
Everest—Jan. 21, Port Hope, Benjamin Everest, Scarborough, aged 75 years.
Pritchard—Feb. 4, London, Ont., Robert Pritchard.
Southcott—Feb. 1, Toronto, Charles Southcott, aged 73 years.

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